

SMOKER'S MAGAZINE

The Only Magazine
ISSUED SOLELY
IN
THE INTERESTS
OF
THE SMOKER
And Tobacconist.

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PUBLISHED BY
THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE CO.
— NEW YORK. —

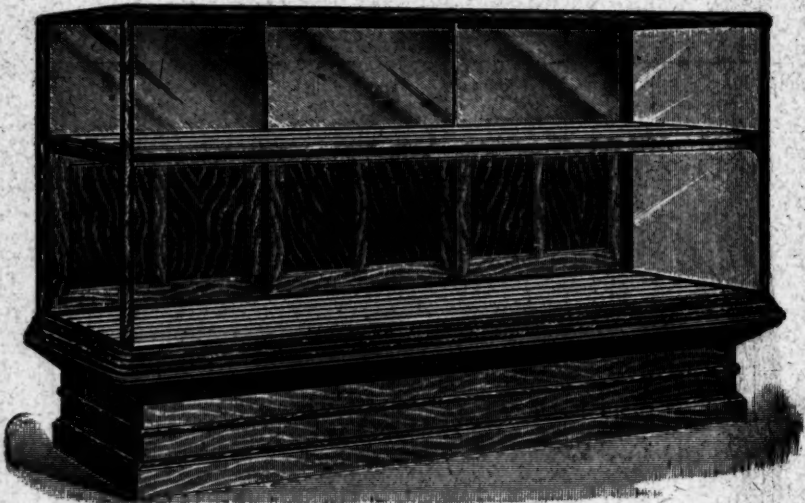


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NEW YORK.

VOLUME VII.

NUMBER 4.

The Smoker's Magazine

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TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK.

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in the Interests of the Retailer
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The exact size is 3x8x1½ inches. Weight nearly 10 oz.

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to merchants in all lines of business and can be used in hundreds of ways in making Signs, Show Cards, Price Tickets, Bulletins, Marking Boxes, Printing on any flat surface, etc., **saving time and money**, and paying for itself almost every time it is used. Sets selling at \$3.00 and upwards will do no better work, while this set costs practically nothing, being sent prepaid with a year's subscription to **THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE** at \$1.25. This unheard of offer is made simply to increase the circulation of the magazine, which will be found interesting and of great value to every man who makes, handles or smokes cigars. **THE SIGN MARKER** is not sold nor sent C.O.D.—it is **FREE**, and there is but one way to get it and that is to subscribe to **THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE** for one year at \$1.25, and one will be sent prepaid upon receipt of subscription. Guaranteed exactly as represented in every particular or money refunded without question. **You run no risk!**

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now!*

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Every man can realize the great value of this offer, and

Don't delay—send your order to-day—**NOW IS THE TIME.**

The Smoker's Magazine Co.,

TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK.

AGENTS WANTED.

We refer to all Commercial Agencies, Banks and Express Companies in New York City.

TRY
A "GOOD"
10¢ CIGAR.

The above neat sign was printed with one of our Sign Markers in less than 2 minutes, and then photo-engraved. It shows the work about its actual size. The many artistic and catchy combinations are unlimited, and the work cannot be excelled by a sign writer or printer.

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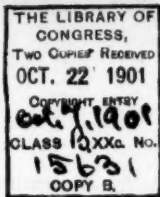
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THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE


∴ The only Monthly Magazine issued solely in the ∴
∴ interests of the Smoker and Tobacconist..... ∴

VOL. VII.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1901.

NO. 4.

WINDOW DRESSING AND STORE ADVERTISING.



IN opening the last and, to the merchant, the most important business quarter of the year, October is one of the crucial months. If there is a lull during the summer and sales disappointing, the merchant comforts himself with the reflection that, when fall opens, things will "look up." It may be that an importunate creditor is pigeon-holed with a promise of a good remittance as a result of "fall trade." Tobacconists, alas! are not exempt from the annoying worries of finance more than other mortals.

"Fall trade" is a sort of reserve force to be drawn upon when every other defence has failed. It is the one unanswerable argument for the worried shopkeeper, for it is full of possibilities. It is the "old guard" of business battalions.

Now the season is actually here and deferred business hopes and promises likewise mature. Are they to be met? Promises fall due—invariably—as all promises do. Are they to be made good?

Living up to business promises is about as important to permanent suc-

cess as quality of goods and scale of prices. Living up to your own expectations is never quite realized because the millenium season is yet afar. But the consistent business promise breaker is sooner or later found out and as quickly as possible dropped.

However much ethics may have suffered in popular imagination there is a code of business morals among men which will not stand for violations of pledged word or business obligations. The liar is an intolerable nuisance. Keep up to your business promises.

Whether the best is made of the season or not depends in the last instance on yourself. You cannot make conditions but you can improve them. You cannot coerce trade; but you can attract it. Never in its history have there been so many people to cater to and never have they, generally speaking, been so able to buy. Trade possibilities were never so wide.

Competition after all is only among men. You are one of them. There is nothing appalling in the idea of trade rivalry. The weak man submits supinely and collapses with the indefinite justification that there are so many at it and competition so fierce that it is

no use. And he sinks out of sight and it certainly is "no use," so far as he is concerned.

The man who is bound to live and make his business live says: "I'm as good as Jones or any other man on the street. I want my share." He usually gets it and that without robbing anybody else. Such a stand does not at all imply a swelled head. It is proper self assertiveness. Between legitimate business aggressiveness and obnoxious forwardness is the fine dividing line—common sense; that great world conquering force which is the pre-eminent characteristic of the American.

Joseph Zimmerman & Co., whatever their signs and printing matter may indicate to the contrary, when business is reached are not "upside down" but "right side up" all the time. The accompanying half-tone illustration is a partial view of a pipe display that appeared in one of the windows of their store at 960 Liberty Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. The firm carry a bewildering variety of pipes as a part of their big stock of smokers' goods.

While there are days in October which spent in the air are a glory and an inspiration, the month draws sharp distinction between out-door and indoor life. The store takes on a more substantial appearance; material things of comfort are in evidence. Richer suggestions of elegance abound, the taste for the gorgeous and luxurious is gratified and the sombreness occasioned by darkening days and bleak streets alleviated by the sight of indoor cheer, warmth and light.

Is there anything which will appeal to the average smoker's and therefore the average man's sense of physical comfort and satisfaction more than an elegantly trimmed tobacconist's window on a day when the street is raked by cold wind or drenched by a fall down-pour? And could there be any

stronger reason for presenting to the street all that good taste and skilful manipulation of light and color can do? And how much they can do!

Marvellous indeed under the wizard hand of the window dresser; professional or simply yourself or clerk, if he have a natural gift for clever detail in arrangement and a keen eye for color, becomes their effect on bare space and barren emptiness. The art of the window dresser should be directed to creating effects which will present contrasts—the contrast for instance between a drear street and a radiant window speaking oriental ease, warm refuge and a cosy retreat.

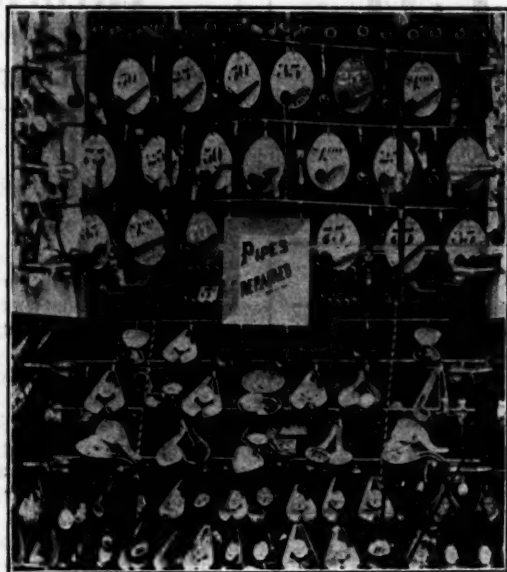
Such a window will irresistibly attract. Men will turn to it not only from long habit of window gazing but from a desire to go in and handle, taste and smoke. You are making your shop a sight compelling force, and that is one of the essentials. By every art of combined light and color effect, every clever disposal of goods, every harmonious grouping and stage device your art and ingenuity can suggest, make the window a sight compelling one; supplement such window display with goods meritorious but not misrepresenting and if your trade is not helped history has turned over a new leaf and no longer repeats itself.

Results will be enhanced and at once. First-class window dressing distances every other form of advertising in quick returns. Sunday's newspaper announcement brings a Monday host. It is quick work and costs money. Still it pays. Uncover a rich window display in the morning and before noon your added receipts will pay for the extra effort and outlay counting out incidental benefit and satisfaction. Besides all this there is a sort of "unearned increment" in a good window display, which sooner or later will be

available for the credit side of the shop.

Oriental design in window display necessitates, in order to make it effective, some expense, but for this season it is a strong feature. Deep colors, a few heavy and rich fabrics, some ornaments of Eastern design, well ar-

rally be most in evidence. But because of a special effort in a particular line it does not follow that there should be, in any respect, a letting up in the careful arrangement of all goods. If a "special effort" is made at a sacrifice of the well regulated routine and neatness of the shop the executive is somewhere at fault.



AN EFFECTIVE PIPE DISPLAY.

ranged and strengthened by the magic aid of light and shade, create an atmosphere of incense and elegance and give to a window a splendid background for the exhibition of the best in the shop.

The particular object of such a feature should be the bringing into brilliant and striking prominence some special class of goods, and while the display lasts these will of course natu-

"Do you mean to say a man might smoke cigarettes constantly for a week without any particular harm resulting?"

"Certainly."

"Why, it would kill him."

"Of course, but it wouldn't seriously affect any one else."—Philadelphia Press.

Following the suggestion of a rich and luxurious looking window, a card

of good design calling attention to goods and artistic display might read along these lines:

THE LUXURIOUS DEMANDS OF THE

EAST

GRATIFIED BY OUR SMOKE OF THE

WEST

A dozen ideas are readily suggested in connection with a really representative display of goods. The quick adapter can roll these off to suit himself, the character of the display or the study of customers. Here is one.

DON'T LIVE IN ORDER TO

SMOKE

BUT SMOKE IN ORDER TO

ENJOY LIFE

Denman Thompson made a fortune out of "Old Homestead" with its quaint kitchen quarters and farm rusticity. The idea was one based on genuine fact—and there are no more important facts than kitchen and farm though we may live on gamin street and swallow our meals at a counter. There is a big country world outside of us. 750,000,000 bushels of American wheat in one year means farms and a wealth producer which even the manufacturers of a great city do not overshadow. If you have the space and can get some one to arrange in a small way an old fashioned kitchen—not one with a gas range on the instalment plan and cockroaches sprinting about

"set tubs"—but one of your country grandmother's with detail as faithfully observed as possible, with a dummy "Reuben"—or better still, the "pure quill"—it would vary the monotony and afford excellent means of advertising tobacco especially.

Uncle Reuben's Favorite

(FILLING IN YOUR BRAND NAME)

Better Than Ever

If the above did not fill the bill it would not be Reuben's fault. "He allus done the best he could, b'gosh"—to hit that tarnal stove.

Shaggy locked football players are again ploughing up the earth, breaking bones and otherwise adding to the renown of "Alma Mater" and the annals of glorious sport. It is not as dangerous as hanging or as harmless as French duelling but it is in public favor which covers all other sins and omissions of the decalogue. The modern idea of a college is a large campus with some buildings thrown in for living purposes—a good deal like the definition of a bung-hole—space surrounded by barrel. The campus is the barrel. Here is something for the crowd wrought up over the great fall pastime.

FOOTBALL

ENTHUSIASTS WANT A SPECIAL SMOKE.

AND JUST HERE OUR GOODS

SCORE

An artillery window can readily be

constructed by the use of some mechanical ingenuity and a raised platform. Mount three or four specially large cigars made to resemble cannon and aim them as directly as possible at the travelling public. Flags for decoration and any of the accoutrements of war may be utilized as adjuncts in order to give to the whole the effect of military display a caption reading thus:

Guardians of the Peace

Half of the amenities of civilized life, of business intercourse, of domestic well being are traceable to the subtle benignity of the daily cigar. More than the ugly monsters of iron is it the guardian of the peace of the world.

There is a breezy free-and-easiness about the west in spite of the prosy effects of "culture" and its dead level aim at mediocrity. It still adds a charm to the delightful picturesqueness of the big, bold and abundant country. The unconventional style of the following, there is little doubt has its appealing side, and might take where the more discriminating and cautious would fall flat. This is the way of a man of Oregon.

We Have

Pipes to Hit

Cigars to Smoke

Tobacco to Burn

Cigarettes to Kill

AT

Prices to Paralyze

Window dressing is no longer freak work or the idea of some crank more

than usually advanced in his profession of making the public tired. It ranks second only to prices and goods, and even these will be lost to the public purse unless constantly presented to the public eye. The candle lighted and put under a bushel throws no more light than it did nearly two thousand years ago.

The Late President.

EVERYBODY knows the story of the death of America's third martyr President—struck down by the assassin's hand under circumstances which makes the crime conspicuous as one of the most revoltingly treacherous, inhuman and unjustifiable in all history. Of this it is not the purpose to speak. But of President McKinley, the world's greatest citizen, and William McKinley the man no tribute however humble can come too late. Generations will be rendering tribute as long as this Nation abides.

Of the great and notable part taken by the late President in the affairs of his country present day unexampled prosperity and the position the United States holds in the councils of the nations is the most eloquent and convincing testimony. He labored; his country reaps the reward.

He possessed the best characteristic of statesmanship — capacity for growth. No man in American history kept in touch with the Nation's needs and, casting politics and prejudice aside strove to meet, yea anticipate them. He was a great statesman first; revered by his own party, always respected and latterly loved even by his opponents, he was an ideal party man second. He was wise with the wisdom which knowledge of men and affairs, immense experience combined with an intense devotion to the common welfare, gives. Tremendous opportunities found him advancing towards, not retreating from them. That calm and beautiful resolution, shown alike in the vigor of life and in the perilous approach of death, never forsook him.

He was master, of opportunity and of self. Responsibilities, than which few heavier rested upon human shoulders, served only to reveal the strength and capacity of the man. He made history illustrious by his character and acts, not by virtue of his exalted office.

But great as was the influence of President McKinley as a public man in the exercise of his powers as executive head of the greatest Republic of all times it is his career as a simple citizen and representative of the domestic life which appeals with invinci-

age with the fact that the best living is right living and that the highest position that life can give is ennobled thereby.

It was his life as well as his life work and exalted position which drew universal sympathy and an outburst of grief and appreciation as deep and sincere as it was spontaneous and worldwide. The civilized nations mourned a great American fallen: his own countrymen felt the nearer loss which comes with the death of a trusted friend.



ble directness and force to every American who loves a home and cherishes its institutions. And it is to such illustrious examples of simple, lovable, private life, without ostentation, perfect in themselves, that we look for the hope and safety of the future. The charge is often made, and there is ground for it, that we are a people given over to the sordid accumulation of wealth and all that wealth stands for; that club life has robbed the fire-side and that there is no time for the practise of the domestic virtues.

To this charge the career of Mr. McKinley is a crushing reply. Across the white light of his private life no shadow falls. He has impressed his

The inspiration of Mr. McKinley's life will be felt in the pressing desire of a citizenship possessed of all its present earnestness but tempered by that consideration for the demands of private life and the dignities of common existence which form the stable elements of a nation and without which glory and power are empty and vain.

Bowling Green, Ky., has another retail house known as the City Hall cigar store, located in the McCormack Building, on 10th St. Larmon & Plummer are the proprietors, and they both have abundant experience and business qualifications.

Tobacco As a Stimulus.

"DO you know it's a mighty risky thing to deprive soldiers of their tobacco?" said a man who was in the volunteer ranks during the Santiago campaign. "Any other kind of physical discomfort—hunger, thirst, cold, wounds—is more than apt to make a man fighting mad. He wants to 'take it out of somebody,' and as the enemy is primarily responsible for his sufferings, he will sail into the fray with all the ferocity of a fellow who has a bitter personal grievance to redress. You will understand, of course, that I don't advocate this treatment for putting mettle into troops; what I say is that it doesn't necessarily rob them of it; but the loss of their tobacco will sap their fighting spirit every time. It does it by turning them into the worst kind of pessimists. This was strikingly illustrated by our experience in the trenches before Santiago. There was a tobacco famine from the first, but it wasn't until the two big general engagements, when we settled down to see things out, that its effects began to make themselves felt. At that time our boys were suffering from about as many different kinds of discomfort as could be gathered together in one heap. They were half starved, terribly exhausted, wet, cold and dirty. They were without shelter or a place where they could lie down, except in the muddy trenches, where nobody dared light a fire, for fear of attracting the sharpshooters, and you would naturally suppose that all these things would have furnished abundant material for grumbling. But they didn't. They were scarcely mentioned. The only subject that was generally discussed was the chance of getting a smoke, and, when that chance was finally recognized as zero plus nothing, the whole company settled down to deep gloom. Up to that time our men had been perfectly confident of taking Santiago and licking the Spaniards out of their boots; but the longer

they remained without tobacco the more doubtful they became. They had all sorts of sinister forebodings—we would get the fever; the enemy would shell us with big naval guns from the fleet; overwhelming reinforcements would be rushed across from Havana, and the Lord knows what else. At the end of twenty-four hours there was only one man in our detachment who still believed we had a ghost of a chance. He was a chap who had stolen three big, black cigars from the saddle bag of a passing general. The company remained in that frame of mind, only growing steadily more and more hopeless, until the evening of the fourth day, when a commissary wagon threw off a box of tobacco by mistake, thinking it was embalmed beef. Our men pounced on it like tigers, and in five minutes everybody was smoking and confidence in the American arms was fully restored. A man next to me in the trench, who was writing his will when the tobacco arrived, tore off the top line, 'I, John Brown, being of sound mind,' etc., and wrote a letter to his sweetheart instead. The troopers were, if anything, hungrier, colder and wearier than they had been at first, but I never saw such a sudden revival of martial spirit in my life. If anybody had mentioned naval guns or Havana reinforcements he would have had his head punched. So I say it is a risky thing to deprive a soldier of his 'baccy.' The mysterious pessimism that ensues will reduce his fighting efficiency 75 per cent."

—The United Cigar Stores Co. is steadily extending its business throughout the city and State, and is reported to be about consummating several important deals which will give it a still wider influence in the retail field.

—W. P. Brobeck is now presiding over the fine cigar stand of the Board of Trade Cigar Co. at Kansas City, Mo., which is pushing a brand of John W. Merriam & Co.'s as their leader.

THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE

THE ONLY MONTHLY MAGAZINE ISSUED
SOLELY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE
SMOKER AND TOBACCONIST.....

PUBLISHED BY
THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE CO.,
TIMES BUILDING, 41 PARK ROW,
TELEPHONE, 3757 CORTLANDT,
NEW YORK CITY.

EASTON SHAW, *Editor.*
H. S. HALL, *Business Manager.*

Issued the first of every month, \$1.00 a year,
payable in advance. Subscriptions may begin at
any time.

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THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE CO. Cash or stamps
should be sent by Registered Letter. We can-
not be responsible for loss if sent any other way.

When change of address is desired, both the
old and new address must be given.

CORRESPONDENCE on all subjects of interest to
the trade is solicited.

All manuscript should be accompanied by stamps
for return—otherwise we will not be responsible
for same.

ADVERTISING rates furnished upon application.
ENTERED at the New York Post Office as second-
class mail matter.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1901.

Another Tobacco year opened.

Home grown wrappers are all right.

This is no country for assassins—or
their instigators.

Song of the cigarette manufacturer:
"It may not be the truest ad. but Oh,
it is the newest ad."—on the fence.

In addition to the Boer war and the
rumble of European grows England
has now been invaded by the tobacco
trust. It was Mr. Duke's first trip
across the water and he wanted to cel-
ebrate it—at the expense of somebody
else.

When a man sends for his minister,
doctor, or lawyer, a "finish" of one

kind or another is in sight. This time
it was the lawyer and the finish was
the British Empire's.

A prerequisite to a search for even a
decent stand for a tobacco business is
a solemn looking bank roll of no in-
considerable dimensions. "Put money
in thy purse."

What is the foundation for such
fancy figures when a lease for a cigar
stand is mentioned? The tobacco mer-
chant's business is all right, but he is
not in it for the exclusive benefit of the
landlord. Every tenant will have his
turn; don't locate too quickly.

Union factories have about con-
cluded that the "blue label" alone does
not insure great and growing trade.
They talk of cutting wages and adver-
tising. Try the latter and it may save
you the disagreeable necessity of the
former. Good wages and good adver-
tising are usually on very intimate
terms.

Any doubting Thomas who is in-
clined to take a long breath before con-
cluding whether it is worth while to
spend a dollar bill or not in registering
his brand, would do well to look up a
recent law case or two. After a big
legan fight a late suit was withdrawn
from the courts on the payment by one
party of some \$30,000 in consideration
of the other side releasing its claim to
three trade marks. Ten thousand a
mark is a profit of \$9,999.

Trade wants and the calm flow of
business soon overcome prejudice and
even sentiment. This country's trade
with Spain is now a little better than
ever it was, and in exports tobacco is
in value fourth on the list.

Growing tobacco under shade in
Connecticut seems to be something
more than an experiment. The crop
has been gathered and will, it is said,
bring the price of the duty on Sumatra

leaf \$1.85 per pound. Luis Marx, one of the largest growers of tobacco in Cuba, is enthusiastic and will try the plan on in Cuba. It is one way to get square with Sumatra.

That story of "marooning" which comes from Tampa is a weird one. It fits the Spanish Main of a few centuries ago except that there is nothing particularly romantic in deporting a batch of dirty Cuban cigarmakers and dumping them on the near coast. Besides that it seems eminently foolish—which is the more inexcusable always. Meantime factories are opening, soup kitchens—cherished institutions of strikes—are closing and "Resistencia" rotting away.

In view of the establishment of the tobacco trust in England the manufacturers of that country propose in self defence trusts of a similar kind—then indeed would the lot of the consumer be a happy one.

Gen. Wood, Governor of Cuba, is going to escort a delegation of Cuban merchants to Washington for the purpose of urging a reciprocity treaty with this country the substance of which will be that the principal products of Cuba will be admitted free and many articles produced and manufactured in the United States will be sent to Cuba without paying the same rate of duty required of other countries. Crossing a bridge before coming to it is a common worry and American tobacco interests are not doing it in this case. When the time comes it will be found, as usual, that they are quite capable of looking out for themselves.

When a man goes hunting he takes a rifle, powder and ball. A fisherman provides himself with a rod—and a few other necessities. In business the same rule of getting prepared holds good. A part of the regular outfit of every modern successfully established business is capital for advertising—

about nine tenths of the capital. And even an old "established" business soon becomes gray and withered and shaky without the elixir of business life—making known what you are doing in a business way to those with whom you want to do business. A small part of that wise advertising capital put into a business ad. in this Magazine is the beginning of good business—but not the end. It is assumed you are a subscriber. If not it is very poor business on your part.

Carrie has come and gone and even her brief day of newspaper notoriety as a fool with a female weakness for advertising is almost over.

Richmond, Va., a great tobacco centre in itself, is still more important just now by reason of the big tobacco convention to be held the first of this month. The city and trade have made elaborate preparations for the entertainment of guests and both from a business point of view and along social lines the meeting should justify the hopes of its energetic promoters.

The "Trade-Mark Record" in its September issue has something to say on the subject of trade-marks which is worth money to cigar manufacturers and tobacconists generally. The Record knows whereof it speaks—particularly in this connection.

Fall outlook for business is bright—never better in fact. It is more and more apparent that this country can live within itself and have enough left over to supply half the outside world. Every market of the earth is being exploited by Americans and American goods. Let the expansion in the tobacco manufacturing trade of this country grow, not at the expense of smaller concerns, but in increased foreign trade.

Your store is not complete without
THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE. \$1.

Queries Answered Department.

QUERIES will be answered in this Department for our readers, whether their names are on our subscription list or not, and we desire all to bear in mind that this service is entirely free of charge. Make as liberal use of the privilege as you wish. All communications will have prompt attention. The answers will be forwarded by mail provided a two-cent stamp or postal card is sent for that purpose.

A. S.—You are informed that H. C. Nolan & Co., Sellersville, Pa., are proprietors of cigar factory No. 511, 1st Dist. of Pennsylvania, and manufacturers of La Rosa Aroma cigars.

L. G.—J. A. Collins of Two Taverns, Pa., is the proprietor of Cigar Factory No. 1594, 9th District of Pennsylvania.

E. K.—Nestor Egyptian cigarettes may be obtained from Acker, Merrall & Condit, New York, in any quantity you may desire.

E. C. A.—The instrument you desire is the Hygrometer, which may be obtained from any good dealer in optical goods. (2) Our Editorial Dept. has written you relative to artificial coloring of meerschaum pipes. Any further information will be cheerfully given.

F. P. & S.—Cigar Factory No. 188, 9th District of Pennsylvania, is owned and operated by John D. Yantis, McSherrystown, Pa. Please mention this Magazine in corresponding with him.

S. E. H. and Others—Our "Cash with Order" rule is not intended to question financial standing—our low prices are based on cash, and the system permits of our handling business to better advantage and facilitates filling orders. Requests to send goods C. O. D. merely delays matters, as it entails extra correspondence. Please send cash with order—satisfaction is guaranteed in every particular.

Recent Incorporations.

PORTO RICO CIGAR CO., New York. \$100,000.

W. C. Thomas Tobacco Co., Kinston, N. C. \$4,100.

A. Englehard & Sons Co., Louisville, Ky., \$100,000.

Mosely-Dryer Co., Richmond, Va. \$50,000.

Red Wing Cigar Co., Red Wing, Minn. \$50,000.

Noreiga-Franquiz Co., Tampa, Fla. \$5,000.

Collins Cigar Co., McSherrystown, Pa. \$5,000.

Voegle & Dinning Co., Omaha, Neb. \$100,000.

Key West Cigar Co., Denver, Col. \$5,000.

The L. B. Cigar Co., Buffalo, N. Y. \$15,000.

Small-Price-Bunker Cigar Co., Guthrie, Okl. \$1,500.

What Others Say.

CHICAGO, Ill.

THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE:

You have an *excellent and most unique magazine*, and I wish you all the success on earth. Yours with best wishes,
HENRY E. ACKERBERG.

✱

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE:

We must say that *your Sign Marker is a much better article* than we had hoped to get—You certainly do not overestimate its excellency in *your valuable paper*, The Smoker's Magazine, and would advise everyone to get one of these Sign Markers at your "Give Away" price.

Heartily thanking you for your favors and wishing you every success, we remain,

Yours for business,
C. SEYFFARTH & SONS.

One Dollar invested in THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE will *pay* any wide-awake tobacconist *one-hundred fold*.



Photo by Bassano, London.

MISS MAUD JEFFRIES.

Miss Jeffries is a beautiful American actress who has just returned from a highly successful London season. In England Miss Jeffries played chiefly Shakespearean roles, and the London theater goes praise her work highly. Miss Jeffries is spending the summer at her old home in Tennessee. She will not return to London next season, but will star in New York.

THE REVELATION OF MR. STONE

By Howard Fielding.

Copyright, 1900, by Charles W. Hooke.

A QUEER thing happened to my employer, Mr. Stone. The first that I knew of it was one morning when a man walked up to the private office and laid his hand upon the little gate that we have there in hot weather so that the door can be left open for the sake of the air. The man was coming right in when I stopped him.

I have a table and chair just inside the gate, and the best part of my job is keeping people out. If anybody gets by me without Mr. Stone's invitation, it's the same as my resignation. I've got his word for that.

On this particular morning there was nobody in the room except Miss Hammond and myself, but the orders are the same whether Mr. Stone is in or out.

"Whom do you wish to see?" said I, taking hold of the gate.

The man had a package of papers in his left hand, and he let it fall on the floor when I spoke to him. It made a loud noise, and Miss Hammond, who was giving her typewriter a little warming up, just to take the stiffness out of its joints, turned around to see what was the matter.

"Well," said I to the man at the gate, "who is it that you want?"

"The devil," said he, staring at me.

Then it struck me that I would be funny.

"You've got the wrong address," said I. "This is the Tract society building."

He laughed nervously and put up his right hand to his mouth with a peculiar motion. When the lower part of his face was covered in that way, I knew him. He was Mr. Stone.

Honestly, the strength went out of my legs so that I had to hang on to the gate to keep from falling on the floor. He opened it and pushed me aside. I dropped into my chair with a groan.

Miss Hammond was sitting with her back against the typewriter, as if she had been trying to push it through the wall and herself after it. She was looking at Mr. Stone with a frozen stare, and yet there was a queer expression in her eyes, as if she saw something made clear that had always puzzled her.

There was nothing the matter with Mr. Stone except that he had shaved off his mustache. He had always worn a heavy one that drooped over his mouth, and the change in his looks with the loss of it was something that I never saw equaled. I had read in stories about detectives' disguises, but I never took any stock in these yarns before.



HE WAS MR. STONE.

"Don't like it, eh?" said he to Miss Hammond, and then he turned to me with a sort of fierce grin such as I never saw on anybody's face before.

"Yes, I—I think I shall—shall like it much better when—when I get used to it," stammered Miss Hammond.

Mr. Stone uttered a strange growl—that is, it sounded strange, but really it was the same old growl, only it seemed

entirely different when I could see his lips move. He had rather thin lips, and they looked so hard that I had a feeling of surprise because they didn't make a clicking sound when he shut his mouth. I had never noticed anything peculiar about them before.

The fact is that Mr. Stone is a handsome man. He has a high, broad forehead and the finest eyes I ever saw—wide open, bold blue eyes, but not at all hard or unkind. His nose and chin are well shaped and regular. He has a strong, straight figure and is very graceful and quick in his movements. I used to waste a good deal of time just watching him, and on this first morning after the transformation I couldn't take my eyes off him.

After Miss Hammond's effort to say something agreeable he waited about ten seconds for me. It was my move, but I didn't have any checkers; they'd all been jumped clean off the board.

Mr. Stone turned to his desk.

"Where's that bottle of mucilage I told you to get yesterday?" he said in that tone which always made me jump.

I had never understood before where he got that voice. It was hard and cold and had the singular quality of taking the self respect out of anybody to whom it was addressed. Those lips explained it. He held them so close together when he talked that he squeezed the soul out of his words.

I got the mucilage, and that let me out of it for awhile. It was Miss Hammond's turn, and a sweet time she had of it with the correspondence that morning.

Miss Hammond is a girl whose family used to be rich. They were close friends of the Stones. Old General Stone and Miss Hammond's father used to own a big steam yacht together, and they made a long voyage in her with their families. That was when our Mr. Stone was seventeen and Grace Hammond was about five or six. The old people are dead now. The families long since drifted apart, and the Hammond money vanished in some sort of business crash in 1898, when Grace was at college. The yacht, refitted and brought up to date, belongs to our Mr. Stone, and the little girl that sailed in her fifteen years ago is earning \$15 a week writing letters for the boy that was her messmate, so to speak, in

those old days.

Somehow the thing never struck me as right, and when I first heard the story from one of our clerks I hinted to Miss Hammond that Mr. Stone wasn't behaving in a way that would entitle him to a monument after he was dead. She gave me one of those quiet talks



HE WAS STUDYING HIS OWN FACE.

that remind me of my mother's mustard plasters that she used to put on me when I was younger—the longer it stayed the warmer it grew. I perceived before Miss Hammond got through with me that I had meddled with something that I ought to have let alone. She said incidentally that Mr. Stone was very kind; that she did not know what she should have done without the employment he had given her, and that she was very happy in her work.

Of course, I didn't say anything more on the subject, but I made up my mind that Miss Hammond must have a remarkably contented disposition. I'd like to have one built on the same model, if there are any to spare.

He had a frozen way of talking to her that used to stir me up when I listened to it a good deal worse than when he turned the conversational ice water on to me. Many a time I've fingered a paperweight on my desk, with an aching desire to throw it at Stone. He was

so deadly hard on her for every little mistake that I should have thought it would have taken all the life and spirit out of her. And he had a way of leaving her with a lot of extra work to do that he knew would take her till 8 o'clock in the evening and never saying a word about being sorry. Sometimes, when he would come back, forgetting something, I have seen her look at him in a way that fairly begged him to be kind, and she was so disappointed and so brave afterward that I would invent work for the sake of staying to watch her and to keep her company.

Stone had a hard time of it the first day or two after he shaved off his mustache. Business acquaintances would come to the gate and see him sitting at his own desk and yet not know who he was. When they found out that it was he, they would look at him with that vague and curious horror which you see in the people's faces as they watch some poor fellow being carried off to the station house by a policeman.

I could see that this made him rage inside, but he would shut those cold and sneering lips of his together and pretend to be as calm as a statue. Before very long, however, I noticed that he had a habit of taking something out of his pocket after one of these interviews and looking at it cautiously. I discovered that it was a small, round mirror and that he was studying his own face. Now, there was no vanity in Stone. He had never shown the smallest sign of it, though, of course, he couldn't help knowing that he was handsome. He did not look at the mirror to admire his own beauty, which was spoiled anyhow, but with a studious, half frightened air. I felt that if he caught me watching him there wouldn't be a whole bone left in my body, for he had the look at such times of one who is holding a private conversation with his own soul.

One day he said to Miss Hammond, "I believe I'll let this thing grow again."

He was caressing his upper lip, which hadn't been shaved for about forty-eight hours. If there'd been any chance for it, I think Grace would have turned pale, but hard work in this hot weather had taken all the color out of her face.

"Please don't," she said.

She was in earnest, and he knew it.

He wheeled his chair around suddenly to face her.

"Why not?" he demanded.

She didn't want to tell him, and he had a hard time persuading her. It was the first time to my knowledge that they had ever had what you might call a social conversation; the first time he had ever treated her as if she were an acquaintance of his and not a machine to write his letters. Understand me, I don't mean that he had ever been rough or brutal with her or me or anybody. I never heard him say anything that wasn't polite enough. He had merely been perfectly hard and cold. But this time he talked as if he really were alive.

Finally she said that if he'd tell her why he had taken it off she would tell him why she wanted him to let his face remain as it was.

"That's an easy question," he said. "I did it because a woman asked me to."

"Some one you care about?" she asked in a strange, still voice that really didn't seem to make any noise at all and yet filled the room with little, trembling waves.

"Yes," he said, with a smile.

She took a sudden breath, and I could see her hand quivering on the edge of her desk.

"I like you as you are," said she, "because it is honest."

"Honest?" he echoed.

"Yes," she said. "In this world men hide from others, and indeed from themselves, behind the strangest and often the silliest screens and barriers. Beards and mustaches were invented for the purpose of deception. A man with a weak and irresolute chin wears a fierce, bristling beard, and it helps him to forget that irresolution is his besetting sin. Another may hide behind a rule of life in the same way. He may set up a business principle and forget that unadulterated selfishness is behind it. And the chin under the beard will grow weaker and weaker; the men behind the business rule grow more and more heartless. Yet if these men were obliged to see themselves daily as they are, if they met without disguise the judgments of their fellows, they would be much the better for it, believe me."

Stone covered his mouth suddenly

with his right hand, and with his left he groped for his hat, which was lying on his desk.

"I'm forgetting that appointment with Allen," he said. "I must hurry along. But—but there's something in what you say, Miss Hammond. You're quite a philosopher." He smiled suddenly and in a different way from what I had ever known him to do, quite like a boy, and he looked very handsome. "I'll tell my Aunt Ann what you say. It was she that made me take my mustache off, and now she's telling me for the love of mercy to let it grow again."

The next instant he sprang forward and caught Grace by the arm and



HE SPRANG FORWARD AND CAUGHT GRACE shoulder just as she was falling out of her chair. She was herself again almost immediately, and he stepped back as he saw that she had regained her poise. They looked at each other in perfect silence for as much as a minute, and you should have seen his face. It changed and grew so kind and gentle that, honestly, the tears came into my eyes. I don't know why. Suddenly he turned and hurried out of the room, and she went to the window and stood there quite a long time, leaning against the edge of the molding.

Mr. Stone didn't come back until the

next day. He was very much the same man, except that he said good morning to Miss Hammond and to me very pleasantly. Quite often during that day and the next I caught him looking at the little mirror. He seemed to be experimenting with his face. He would stiffen up his lips until he looked like a new sort of pirate, and then he would relax them until he seemed to be the kindest man in the world.

And he always spoke to Miss Hammond after that as if she were a member of his family. They got a habit of talking together, standing by the window, just where she had stood after finding out that the woman he cared for was his aunt and fainting away with joy because of it.

This didn't last very long, for one day Aunt Ann appeared in the office just before lunch and surprised me very much by kissing Grace in a solemn and affectionate manner. I learned from the subsequent conversation that Grace was to live with Aunt Ann for awhile and get a good rest.

That afternoon our bookkeeper, who knows everything, told me that Mr. Stone had lost his wits with his mustache and was going to marry Miss Hammond.

"Not that I've got anything against her," he added, "but matrimony"—

He finished the sentence by waving his arms around his head hopelessly.

Trouble Ahead.



"What are you crying for?"

"Me big brudder's gettin a lickin."

"Ah, I see! You're sorry for him."

"Naw, I'm sorry fer meself. He's goin ter lick me fer tellin on him."—
New York Evening Journal.

SONG.

If all the dreams we dream, dear,
Should happen to be true;
If half what we dream, dear,
Should come to me and you;
Or just suppose a single one
Were granted us some day,
If that one were a fond one,
We'd dream our lives away.

If all the dreams we dream, dear,
Should vanish in a day;
If not the simplest one, dear,
Should ever come our way,
We'd dream on just the same, dear,
Though the fairies might not stay,
And dreams would be as sweet, dear,
For what they are today.

—Rhoda Janet Walker in Boston Transcript.

AN AWFUL TEST OF GRATITUDE

By John H. Rafferty.

The friendship between Senator Harbine and old Newt Stuart was for twenty years one of the many anomalies and one of the few edifying conditions that distinguished the social life of the capital. Newton Stuart was a newspaper correspondent—nobody knew how old, but the dean of the press gallery, beloved and undisputed. Senator Harbine held a similar position in that exclusive, clublike organization known as the United States senate. Old Newt hailed from Louisiana, and his senatorial friend was from Ohio, so that as far as an exchange of official favors might go there was no apparent reason for their unflinching affection for each other. Newt couldn't "boost" Harbine if he wanted to and had never stooped to accept patronage of any kind from the Louisiana legislators who had come and gone during his long career as Washington correspondent.

So far as any outsider knew, there were only three grounds for the mutual admiration between Newt and the old senator—viz, fishing, terrapin and mint julep. Outside of Washington such paltry matters will probably never

be regarded as adequate motives for a great and lasting friendship, but in Washington the three delights named are sometimes of vaster moment than the making of treaties or the establishment of national policies. Newt was the champion terrapin chef of Washington for a generation. Harbine's mint juleps were the wonder and envy of all comers. Bartenders made their reputations by advertising "the Harbine julep," and restaurants, cafes and hotels won patronage by announcing "terrappin a la Newt Stuart."

But when it came to fishing neither the senator nor the reporter would yield the palm. For a dozen years they had gone fishing together. As many times had they come home in raging debate as to which had caught the greatest weight of fish; which had cast fly or bait the farthest or which was most dexterous in playing a line. Fishing was the one rock upon which they split incessantly, and once the subject came up between them they would rail and boast at one another till blows seemed the only argument left. One day Newt and the senator, sitting in a circle of most potent, grave and worthy lawmakers at the Shoreham, challenged one another to a final test of their prowess as bait casters. The idea tickled the audience, though it was midwinter. Cases of wine and boxes of cigars were freely wagered, and finally each contestant went for rod and tackle, and the whole party trudged through the snow across to Lafayette square for the duel.

The distances were measured off. A dangling pine cone was selected as the object to cast at, and each contestant, using his own rod and reel, was to have five chances, the decision to go to the caster who missed the least. It was a walkover for the senator, for he whipped his fly across the cone five times successively, while poor old Newt missed his second shot and cast wide on the last. He paid the wager and swore that it was the reel that beat him.

"I bet fifty I can beat you right now with that there gosh darned Meek reel o' yours!" sputtered Newt.

But the senator said it was time for a julep, wagged his head in triumph and led the party back to the hotel.

"I can beat you at bait casting with

any kind of a reel." Newt used to boast after that, "but that there Meek sizzler you've got ain't a reel at all; it's a liv-in', breathin', conscious piece o' witchcraft!"

It was about two months after this that Newt intrenched himself forever in old Senator Harbine's loving heart. The latter's son was the scourge of his life. He had been expelled from West Point, discharged from half a dozen government positions and arrested a dozen times. Finally a letter from Mrs. Harbine came from Cincinnati announcing that Dick had broke loose there on a wild debauch that threatened to end disastrously for the young man himself and for the fair name of his father's family.

Senator Harbine handed the letter to old Newt.

"Newt, you like my boy, I know," he growled. "He thinks more o' you than he does o' his own father. If you'll run down to Cincinnati and stop him, I'll give or get you anything in reason. I'm rich, and I'm strong with the administration. Honest, now, Newt, I know you never cared for money, and you have no family, but if you'll stop this Cincinnati jag o' Dick's I'll give you a house and lot or—or—anything you want."

Newt started for Cincinnati that night. Nobody ever knew just what he said or did to Dick Harbine, but in a week they came back. Newt silent and satisfied and the senator's son pale, repentant and following old Newt around like a whipped dog. Old Harbine actually grew younger and gayer as the days grew into weeks and the weeks into months and his boy showed no signs of a relapse.

"By Jehosaphat, Newt!" he swore at his friend one night. "I'm blowed if I don't believe you've cured the whelp. You got to take something just to give me a chance to show how I appreciate what you've done. Why, mother was breaking her heart over Dick. I never showed how his doings hurt me, but they were just killing me. You're poor, Newt, and you're getting old—don't deny it—you'll have to quit this blessed newspaper business pretty soon, and I'll bet you haven't saved a hundred dollars. Come, Newt, be fair with me. Let me loan you at least a few thousand? Eh? Or say, better

yet, take that house and lot up in N street. I don't want it, and it'll net you two thousand per. What d'you say?"

But Newt would only abuse old Harbine for his pains and turn the talk into a string of "joshing." The senator however, was so serious in his determination to do something for Newt that the dispute between them grew acute and almost bitter. Newt was getting old. Nobody knew whether he had saved anything, but everybody knew that the time for his retirement was at hand. As months went by and old Harbine's solicitude about rewarding him waxed more earnest and persistent poor Newt's powers of resistance began to wane. The senator saw it and was glad. The two old friends became inseparable. Terrapin suppers and bouts with innumerable mint juleps became continuous. Spring was merging into summer when the old correspondent yielded finally to the tempter.

"Senator," began Newt one night as they sat on the hotel balcony, "I've made up my mind to take that reward you insist on giving me."

"God bless you, old man," chuckled Harbine, tinkling the ice in his big glass.

"I'm not going half way about it either," resumed Stuart, looking up with an evident effort to muster his courage. "I'm going to hit you hard. I'm"—

"Fire away, you old fraud!" laughed the senator. "You know well I'd give you the shirt off my back."

"I'm going to retire at the end o' the year," continued Newt, "and I'm not going to work any more. I"—

"Bully boy! Go ahead!" laughed Harbine.

"In fact, I expect to pass the rest of my life in ease—fishing, in fact."

"That's the stuff! How much'll it cost a year to keep an old hermit like you in terrapin, mint and bourbon? Let 'er go, Newt!"

"Never mind what it'll cost." Here Newt swallowed the lump in his throat, coughed a few times and let go the thunderbolt:

"I want that Meek reel o' yours!"

"Newt," bawled the senator, getting pale—"Newt, you don't mean it?"

"But I do mean it. Are you going to make it good?"

"Oh, Newt," groaned old Harbue, "don't get so grasping! Take the house in N street. It's worth nearly ten thousand."

"Nope," drawled the inexorable Stupart. "No real estate for me. I'd rather have that reel than half o' Capitol hill. Do I get it?"

The senator strode up and down the balcony a dozen times in moody silence. Once he paused before Newt as if to utter further protestations. He finished his julep, made another, tinkled a faint knell with the ice in his glass and fairly groaned:

"It's yours."—Chicago Record-Herald

Noncommittal.



"Fritz, dear, you love me more than anything else in the world, don't you?"

"Sure!"

"And you wouldn't give me up for \$100,000?"

"H'm! Well, has anybody offered that?"

The Ingredients.

"What did you find on that vessel which washed ashore this morning?" asked the cannibal king of his chef.

"Only a shipwrecked shoemaker and a case of sherry, sire."

"Tis well, slave. Make me a sherry cobbler for dinner. I have often heard of such a delicacy."—Baltimore American.

MISPAH.

The Story of a King Who Loved
a Commoner.

It was an ideal May. At one of the biggest houses in London a ball was in progress. The small hours had come, and out over the tops of the trees the moon was shining. In the park a man and a girl were sitting out dance after dance.

The man was of courtly presence and splendid physique, with face clean cut as a cameo, red gold hair and pointed beard, wondrous even there in the half light, and blue eyes that fell before neither man nor woman.

In low, passionate tones he was pleading with the girl at his side—pleading as strong men only plead for life or love. But to all the fervor of his wooing she was adamant.

"You do not love me, Blanche," he cried at length. "You have only been playing with me."

"Ah, Rex! What a lifetime of regrets and loneliness I should be saved if I did not!"

He caught her in his arms, raining hot kisses on her cheeks and lips.

"My love! My life! How can I persuade you to forget everything but our love for each other and marry me?"

"Why do you tempt me? Why do you love me? Why have we ever met?"

She half freed herself from his embrace and stood, her hands on his shoulders, scanning his face.

"Heaven only knows, since you insist on parting again," he answered. "And yet you say you love me."

"I do love you with all my heart and soul, Rex, my prince of men, my king! But how can I marry you? Would you have your people say you had brought them a country girl, a commoner, a nobody, from over the sea? In what disaster would the royal marriage end? No, no, my Rex. Our dream is over tonight. We have come to the parting

of the ways. Go back to your throne and wed a woman fit to be your mate—a princess. And I—the memory of this May madness shall go with me to the grave, and no man shall call me wife."

"Before God, Blanche, I will never marry any woman but you! There shall be a lifelong troth between us if you will have nothing else."

He drew a ring set with blazing diamonds from his own finger and slipped it on hers.

"Send it to me, darling," he said, "if in the years to come you repent to-night's decision, and I will be at your side as fast as rail and boat can bring me. And send it to me if the great summons come first to you, and it shall be buried with me, for love of a peerless woman."

He bent his handsome head and kissed her again.

"I have no jewel to give you back, Rex," she whispered, "only this little 'Mizpah' ring—The Lord judge between me and thee when we are absent the one from the other."

She raised her lips to his for a last caress, and he kissed the teardrops from her eyes, too, before he led her back to the glare of the ballroom and the scrutiny of a score of pairs of jealous eyes and the murmur of a score of envious feminine tongues. "She has refused him, the little fool."

Blanche Drummond sat sewing at the open window of a gray, ivy grown house, with the golden sunshine of another May, ten years after, showing up all the finger prints that relentless time and trouble had placed on her beautiful face.

Squire Drummond had never possessed more wealth than would suffice for his own requirements and those of a prodigal son, and it had been a standing grievance to him that his daughter had so steadily refused every offer of a rich husband. He did not know the story of the diamonds on her left hand, and, moreover, he had no soul for sentiment.

Now that he was gone to his long home and the prodigal far off in a foreign land Blanche lived on at the old country house with the aunt who ten years previously had chaperoned her one London season.

Suddenly that lady looked up from

the newspaper she was reading.

"Do you remember the king of Stervia, Blanche," she asked—"the handsome man with the red beard? He called himself the Count von Glenchen that season we met him in London." Her eyes were dimmer than they had been ten years ago, and she did not see the flush on her niece's cheeks as she murmured assent, but went on in blissful unconsciousness.

"Here is news of him. He is going to be married at last." And she read aloud:

"It is officially announced that a marriage has been arranged to take place shortly between his majesty King Rex of Stervia and her royal highness Princess Flavia of Rhodania."

That was all—only a bald press paragraph, but it set the sweet May sunshine all dazzling before Blanche Drummond's eyes and brought the

waves of the ocean surging through her ears.

"Before God, Blanche, I will never marry any woman but you!"

He had forgotten her, then. Even a king could forget his vow.

She put away her sewing presently and went up to her own room. Out over the woods, yellow green in their young leaves, and the distant sea, shimmering sapphire, the sunshine swept in a flood of gold. The birds twittered a hundred glad songs, and the scent of the lilac and hawthorn hung on the air. But she heard nothing save the memory voice of her king lover's pleading, saw nothing but his diamonds on her hand—diamonds that mean constancy! And he was about to do as she had urged him—marry another woman. Ah, well! When the Princess Flavia was queen of Stervia, she would put away his love pledge forever.

The days crept on, and the weeks, and now and then a paragraph appeared in the papers anent the forthcoming royal wedding. It was brought to remembrance that King Rex was the handsomest ruler in Europe. The Princess Flavia was said to be beautiful and accomplished. The names of the bridesmaids were announced and the clergy who were to officiate, and then came the entire programme of the great event.

Blanche read it all through as though

it were part of a dream. In imagination she saw her own name in place of that of Princess Flavia. It might have been. Yet not once did she repent her decision of that fateful May night. She still believed that to have yielded to her love and married him would have been the greatest wrong she could have done him. And so his wedding morning dawned in that tranquil country spot, and Blanche Drummond's left hand was minus its blaze of diamonds. She wandered out into the garden that morning, restless and agitated and, sitting in a tiny summer house beneath a big lilac tree, fell a-musing while the hours passed, and by and by the glare of the noonday sun warned her to return to the house. As she neared the garden gate the vicar was passing on the road outside, and mechanically she paused to speak to him.

"So you have returned, Mr. Willoughby. Have you completed your business in town satisfactorily?"

"Thank you, yes," he answered. "And I feel like a giant refreshed by these few days in London—one drops into such a rut, forever in the country. Of course you have not heard this morning's news?"

"No. What has happened?"

"The king of Stervia, who was to have been married today, you know, was found dead in his bed this morning."

With a choking cry Blanche reeled, and before the vicar could reach her she lay faint and prone on the graveled path. For hours she passed from one fit of hysterics to another. The doctor said her nerves were completely unstrung, and the shock of the vicar's tidings had been the last straw.

No one dreamed of connecting the country girl, who had not been in London except for three months of her life, with the king, who, instead of being principal in the pageant of a wedding, lay dead; it was whispered of poison, in his darkened palace.

It was for her he had died, Blanche felt assured, and by sheer effort of will she overcame her nerves and her anguish and waited—waited until on the second day the postman brought her a little package with many foreign stamps thereon. When she next summoned up strength to face the world

again and take up the burden of life, every one marveled at the alteration in her. Years older she looked. The luster was gone from her eyes, and her expression was that of a woman who had just turned away from the death-bed of all that the world held dear to her. Above the diamond ring on her wedding finger was a plain gold circlet engraved with the old tryst word "Mispah," and next her heart lay a letter, the only letter she had ever received from her king lover:

My Blanche—You have seen all the reports of my approaching marriage, and you are thinking that I have altogether forgotten the one woman I love. No so, my peerless Blanche. It has been necessary, for state reasons, to acquiesce in the match arranged for me by my ministers, but tonight I make my own quietus. No other course is open to me but the one I am about to take, believe me, Blanche; also I am delivering the princess from a lifelong hypocrisy, for, like myself, she has been forced into this. I send back the Mispah ring, and I know a merciful God will judge me innocent in the time we have been absent the one from the other. Wear it always for my sake. Heart of my heart, farewell until we meet in the land where all are equal and where love is the only king.

R.R.

—Ladies' Field.

Moor Baths.

The moor baths which are provided at many Austrian and German health resorts, were first used at Franzensbad. In 1823 Dr. Poschmann, a physician there, believed that he had found in them a new curative medium, and they have since become popular. Some physicians still question their efficacy, while others in Austria and Germany rely upon them to render good service in many maladies. Though the bath is composed of peat, or moor earth, to which enough water has been added to make a thick paste of the mass, yet the peat is different from that which is extracted from a bog in Ireland or Scotland.

In both Ireland and Scotland the peat is used as fuel. At Franzensbad the mineralized peat will not serve such a purpose. The bog from which it is extracted has been saturated throughout countless ages with mineral water, and the product is a strong chemical compound. Thus a moor bath is a mineral bath in a concentrated form, and effects are produced upon the system by taking a course of these baths which cannot be produced, according to experts, by any mineral water.—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE DEACON'S RUNAWAY



... By ...
P. J. TANSEY.

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JACKSON was one of the best reporters on the staff of *The Morning Glory*, and they had a good many, for, although from the metropolitan point of view its place of publication was only a suburb, it was and is a city, and a populous one, too, and *The Glory* was ambitious.

Being a good man, Jackson was very much in demand in the office—a pleasant thing, to be sure, but it has its drawbacks. Jackson would like to have more time to devote to his favorite pursuit—the writing of short stories for the magazines. He was working on a pretty love story from which he expected some fame and dollars when Jones, the city editor, sent for him.

"Get up in a hurry to ex-Mayor Black's house," said the city editor. "Old Black is dying. Interview him on his present opinion on the ownership of public franchises. It will be a decided novelty to get such an interview with a dying man, and it will just knock *The Daily Hustler* people off their pins."

It is to be noted that the city editor was tinged with the hue of the new journalism.

In a newspaper office to hear is to obey, and so Jackson put on his hat and overcoat and set forth at once. On his desk, blank side up, he left the sheets of his half finished romance, "Adelbert and Letitia."

McKay, the sporting editor, came in with a rush, ran into the city editor's room and breathlessly puffed out:

"Say, Jones, just seen bully runaway. Phoo! Write it up for you, if you like."

"Good for you, Mac! Just sit right down there at Jackson's desk. Send it in yourself."

This last was permission to send the copy to the composing room without submitting it to the judgment and censorship of the city editor, and Jones thought the compliment was due to McKay for his courtesy. Besides, McKay had editorial powers in his own province, so it was perfectly safe.

McKay sat down, drew to him the sheets of paper which lay under a weight on the desk and began to write. It was not his habit to turn over each sheet as soon as written. His way was to lay it face up and at the end of his writing to put the sheets in numerical order.

In fifteen minutes he was in the composing room and the copy was in the hands of the foreman.

"Send the proof of that to Jones," he said, hurrying away.

Murphy, the foreman, took the written matter, looked at it, discovered



THE CITY EDITOR SENT FOR HIM.

that there was writing on both sides of each page and swore softly. Then he called to McKay:

"Say, McKay, do you want this to go just as it is? I must give each man a sheet, you see, and it'll not be set for some time, for there are only two that I can put on it."

"Just as it is, Murphy," said McKay, not understanding what was the difficulty.

They had a new proofreader that night on *The Glory*; but, though he was new to the office, he was not a fool. So when he had read the proof of McKay's story he went into Jones' office to tell him of the weird things he had discovered in it. Had he been familiar with the people in the office he would have used language sulphurous enough to attract attention, but as it was he mildly stated that the story was strangely constructed.

"Oh, it's McKay's way," said Jones after skimming over the first paragraph. "Let it go. Did Mac make a headline too? Good!"

The "makeups" were soon hammering the forms together for the first edition, and the runaway story was locked up in the first page. In a few minutes there was a rumbling in the basement of *The Glory* building, then a noise as of 20,000 sewing machines going at once, and the newsboys began to rush up out of the basement with armfuls of the edition.

Why hadn't the press broken down? It did fall—oh, yes—the night that Jackson got the beat on the triple murder in the old watch factory, but would it break that morning? Oh, no! Yet people will differ on the hoodoo question.

"What in— McKay, McKay!" roared Jackson, holding a copy of the paper before him. "Great jumping Jehoshaphat!" And he smote the desk with his fist. Rushing to the speaking tube, he yelled down to the circulation man to stop the press and to send out none of the papers already printed. The press was stopped, but 5,000 papers had already been put out and were going to the dealers as fast as horses could gallop.

The article was lifted out, a "special" put in its place, and the printing proceeded. When Jones came back from the composing room, the grinning faces of the staff, Jackson's included, grew sober, and they read in silence the remainder of this strange narrative:

As Deacon Wilson was driving down Main street last evening in his buckboard behind the new team which he bought from Squire Williams last week the team took fright and dashed away down the hill at Munson's mills, imperiling the life of the deacon and of a Mrs. Doyle and several others.

It seems that Mrs. Doyle, a worthy washerwoman whose husband is in jail for failing to support her, was waiting with a basket of clothes at the Grand street crossing when Mr. Wilson came driving along. It seems also that she washes for his family, and therefore he asked her to put the clothes on the buckboard, being the very personification of good nature.

But, ah, they were lovers! Many a sleepless night had he spent in thinking of Letty. That was his pet name for her. True, she was of low degree as the world would compare her to him, but at his age what does passionate love care for the opinions of old fogies? He vowed that he would have her, and it was his purpose in going out that morning to meet her as if by accident to take her rowing on the lake and there put to her the momentous question which was to seal his fate.

How the plan succeeded the reader already knows.

Leaning upon the oars, while he bent on her a look of the most touching tenderness, he said:

"Jump in, Mrs. Doyle. Save your car fare, woman. Put the clothes on behind there," said he.

She had put the clothes on the back of the buckboard and her foot was on the step to ascend to the seat beside the deacon when something startled the horses, and off they bounded down the steep grade between Grand and Union streets. Mrs. Doyle is very stout and heavy, and as the deacon is weak from age he had to give both hands to the reins, and so she had to cling on as best she could. Down the hill dashed the horses, and off began to fly the top rows of linen in the basket.

Seeing the woman's great peril if she should let go, the deacon shouted to her, at the same time pulling the horses to the left with all his feeble strength to avoid a milk wagon.

"I have brought this about so that I would have a fitting opportunity of making known to you my heart's secret. Could anything be more romantic than this situation? We are alone. The birds are singing in the woods close by, and all their songs are of love. They teach us. Would that I could sing now what my heart is so full of. Like a bird would I carol it forth! But since that

must not be I will tell it simply and plainly. Thank heaven, there are no other ears to hear and there is no one to sneer at the ardent expression of my love. Yes, I said love, for the moment has come when I must say to you with all the fire of my romantic nature

"Hang on, my good woman! Hang on tight, or you're a goner!"

At Steuben street an old man whose name could not be ascertained was almost run over by the flying steeds. One of Hogan's coal wagons stood a little way below, and the deacon had to saw hard on the mouths of the horses to clear it. Mrs. Doyle theretofore had



"SEND THE PROOF OF THAT TO JONES."

been too much scared to utter a sound, but just at this point she recovered her breath and made the welkin ring, so to speak, with her shrieks of despair. The deacon, even though his hands were full, soothed her by calling out:

"Steady there, Mrs. Doyle! Steady for just another moment now. Hold on fast with both hands. Don't be forever looking back and remember that I love you, love you, love you!"

She smiled and blushed and brushed back from her temples with both her beautiful, dimpled hands the golden locks with which the breeze was toying.

He waited for an answer, but she made none. Taking up the bit of delicate embroidery which had fallen at her feet, she began to busy herself with it—a pretext, she thought, to enable her to keep her eyes cast down. But he would, he must get an answer ere they parted.

"What have you to say to me?" he asked, almost fiercely.

"I am so happy here," she sighed in a tone as low as that of the toying zephyr. "Would that this could last forever!"

He climbed toward her, knelt at her feet and put his arm around her waist.

"Don't, please don't!" she murmured. It looks so very foolish, and you do not know but that this may be observed, and, oh, please, don't forget

that you mustn't lose your grip for an instant!"

Just then Policeman Mulcahy saw the peril of the pair. The man had lost all control of the furlough beasts that were rushing to their own destruction, to his and to Mrs. Doyle's.

In fact, the reins had been dragged out of his hands, and all he could do was to keep his seat in the light vehicle, which bounded from side to side of the street as the horses came from the hill in their mad course. Like the brave officer that he is, Mulcahy rushed to the rescue. Springing to the horses' heads, he called out, "Whoa!"

yourself. Stand up, pray, and let us talk sensibly. This has gone far enough."

Her lover stood up and looked at her as she sat and embroidered. Her face was like marble. Was he to be refused?

Sadly, sadly he regarded her, and mingled with the sadness in his love laden heart there was a ferocity which bluntly sought through the labyrinth of memory for the personality of the possible rival. "Ah, ha!" thought he. "Perhaps I will discover, if refused, who stands in the way." And then all of a sudden his attention was attracted by a pair of doves that wheeled and turned in play in the air near him.

Catching the nearest by the mane as the fiery pair swept past, he was swept off his feet, but hung on and brought the infuriated animals to a standstill. But he was badly bruised in so doing,

for one of them had stepped on his foot. Still he made no outcry, but went on perfecting his work. He lifted the trembling deacon from his seat and put him in the back part of the buckboard, where the clothes had been, as he was clearly unfitted to drive.

Mrs. Doyle, more dead than alive, alighted, and on going to the rear of the wagon, where sat the old man, she shrieked in dismay:

"I can never be yours," she suddenly said, and she broke down and sobbed in a broken hearted way.

He sat down and pulled for the shore. His face brightened as he piled the oars. What was he planning? Up the



"M'KAY, M'KAY!" ROARED JACKSON.

Little creek shot the boat, and neither spoke a word. From time to time the maid cast a curious look at him. Why was he so silent? They landed. Then, laying his hand on her shoulder, he said:

"Where's the clothes? Oh, my clothes, my clothes! And sure I wouldn't care, only they're not my own at all, at all. What will I do? Oh, what will I do?"

And well ought the poor woman make the frenzied inquiry, for even the basket in which she had put them was gone, and they were probably strewn all the way up Main street to the mills.

She looked appealingly at the policeman. Mulcahy, though his foot was very sore, went back with her over the route and helped her pick up the men, and the deacon got home with the team without further mishap. He gave out the following statement for publication:

"This all comes of a misapprehension. I love a woman who thinks that my station is above hers, that my friends would come between us and who even shrinks at the thought of a runaway match. But suppose that the wealth of my people is a myth—that I am as poor as the proverbial turkey of Job and that no friend cares anything what I do—what answer would the little woman give then to my professions of love and my offer of marriage?"

Slyly, with her fair head on his shoulder, she replied:

"They're all right, but a little bit hard in the mouth. I can manage them all right when I get used to them. I think I got them cheap at that, and if there's any more going at the same price send them my way. Tell the folks I ain't sorry."

Just then Mrs. Doyle went back with her basket, fully recovered from the shock.

"Oh, is that all true, dear?" she whispered.

"It is, darling."

"Then I am yours!"

Of course the deacon got hold of one of the papers that had the story in it. Anybody might guess that, and also that he sued and that The Morning Glory had to pay him \$10,000 to settle and \$10 to Mrs. Doyle.

Natural Enough.

"They say she has mirrors from ceiling to floor in her boudoir," said Mrs. Gabb. "Isn't that queer?"

Her husband replied, "I suppose, womanlike, she wants to see all that goes on, my dear."—Philadelphia Press.

Breath.

"An air trust will be the next thing, I suppose."

"Gracious! Now, that would be enough to take one's breath away!"—Detroit Free Press.

MILLY'S REVENGE.

Mrs. Somers and her daughter Milly were iceboating in the Snowbird on Chebacco lake, and Milly was aglow with pleasurable excitement. In the midst of a burst of merriment her eye was caught by a boat just putting out from the shore, and a glance at its occupants caused her gay laughter to die away, while her laughing mouth was set in a stern, straight line. He had brought Phebe Arnold iceboating. All the gloom of the past week settled again on Milly's brow, and a curt nod was her only answer to the greeting from Jack Warren's boat.

A little lump came in Milly's throat as she thought what good friends she and Jack had always been until that unfortunate speech of hers had sent him away in a rage pursued by her mocking laughter—laughter that had given way to a flood of tears almost before the door had closed upon him. That was last Monday night, and all the week Milly had waited for him to come back and forgive her, refusing to believe he could desert her for some other girl, especially Phebe Arnold, who was one of those helpless girls who faint at the sight of a mouse and cling to a man frantically at the very suggestion of danger:

Milly wondered how Jack could endure such babyish ways, and then as she contemptuously watched Phebe's pretty, appealing gestures a scheme came into her mind and fixed itself there and would not be driven away. It was unworthy of her, and Milly knew it, but—“I will,” she thought, setting her lips even more firmly. “I will give her a fright that will make Phebe Arnold act so foolish that Jack Warren will never want to look at her again.”

Raising her voice, Milly called to the owner of the Argus, who brought his boat up alongside the Snowbird.

“Won't you get in and try my boat, Miss Arnold?” she asked cordially. “Papa, please get into Mr. Warren's boat while I take Miss Arnold in here.

The Snowbird is much swifter than the Argus and perhaps she would like the change.”

Phebe would have protested. She was an arrant coward, and the Argus was quite fast enough to suit her, but Jack and Mr. Somers insisted that the change would be a relief after sitting so long in one position, so reluctantly Phebe stepped aboard the Snowbird, ashamed of her fears and yet feeling instinctively that Milly was not quite so friendly as she appeared.

The Snowbird, sheltered by the shore, went at a very moderate pace at first, but as soon as Phebe was chatting merrily away in temporary forgetfulness, all suspicions allayed, Milly sent the boat out into the open, where in the strong wind the Snowbird, like its namesake, seemed fairly to fly through the air.

“Oh, Miss Somers!” exclaimed Phebe, at last aroused by their rapid flight. “Do stop! I am so frightened!”

“I can't,” said Milly, bringing the boat up into the wind with such a sharp turn that Phebe screamed. “Hold on tight!”

The Snowbird, to a novice's eye, was now apparently out of control, but an expert would have seen that Milly's grasp on the tiller was unrelaxed and that Milly's eye measured distances unerringly. Now the boat seemed rushing upon a ledge of rocks and just escaping by a miracle; now she went flying among the other boats so that Phebe's screams and pleadings for help could be plainly heard.

Milly smiled grimly. To the other boaters, who could see that the Snowbird was merely doing a few fancy turns, Phebe's actions must appear ridiculous. Jack Warren's opinion of her could not be very high now. Milly thought, while his opinion of Milly herself mattered nothing. Doubtless he could not entertain a worse one.

But the height of Milly's folly was yet to appear. At one end of the lake the ice cutters had left a large area of ice marked out, and where they had been cutting a great gulf of inky black water yawned.

The Snowbird began to fly back and forth over this marked ice, and with each of Phebe's terrified cries the fire of revenge burned fiercer in Milly's breast.

Nearer and nearer the edge of the black opening the Snowbird circled, and then Milly's excited brain spun round and round, the main sheet slipped from her nerveless fingers, and the Snowbird, carried along by her own impetus, plunged with a tremendous splash into the dark water, half filled, rolled helplessly a moment and then righted herself and lay floating on the surface of the lake.

There was no danger, and Phebe's piercing screams soon brought relief, but Milly's mad fit was over. The icy plunge had restored her to her right mind, and it was a very penitent and self accusing girl who was quietly wrapped up and taken home by Jack Warren.

"I didn't realize what I was doing till I felt the cold water round me," said Milly tearfully, hiding her face against Jack's arm in the kindly twilight. "It was a sorry revenge that I had, Jack."

"It was a naughty and a dangerous thing to do, Milly," was her lover's reply, "but I think your cold bath brought us both to our senses."—Philadelphia Item.

Sounds That Cannot Be Heard.

A stone thrown into the water produces ripples. In the same way if you strike something, as a drum, there are ripples in the air, and the disturbed atmosphere reaches the ear as a sound. The slower the ripples or vibrations the deeper the sound.

The deepest audible sound in a musical instrument is that of the great thirty-two foot pipe of the organ of St. Paul's, which gives sixteen vibrations a second. That is probably the deepest sound that the human ear can catch. You listen to it, rolling through the sacred edifice like distant thunder, and a little thought will enable you to realize that there may be sounds inaudible to you, but which you can feel. The deep tone pervades your entire being until you have some doubt whether you really hear or feel it.

The thunder of the cataract of Niagara produces a note with exactly half the number of the big organ pipe—that is, eight vibrations. You cannot hear the note, but it can be recorded by delicate instruments and you can feel each of the eight waves beat against your ear drum. The great volcanic eruption of Krakatoa produced a musical note

of four vibrations a second. As vibrations registered by meteorological instruments in different parts of the world.

The Rat and the Swan.

During a dreadful storm, when the river Tyne had flooded the country all around, a number of people were assembled watching the huge masses of hay swept along in its rapid course. At length a swan came in sight, struggling sometimes for land and at others sailing in its stately manner along with the torrent. As it drew near a black spot was observed on its snowy plumage, which the spectators were astonished to find was a living rat, and it is probable it had been borne from its dwelling in some hay rick and, seeing the swan, had hastened to it for a refuge. On the bird arriving on land the rat leaped off its back and scampered away, but a man having no respect for the sagacity which the rat had displayed, killed it with a blow of his staff.

HOPE.

And can a thing created live and its creator die?
If worthy deed and worthy thought may not be lost, then why
Should man pass down this finite life and ruin
mark his way?
Who builds for earth may well expect his treasures to decay.

But he, the man of worthy deed or man of worthy thought,
Builds not for time nor fame. The battle of this life is fought
And won by him alone who climbs so high that he disdains
To look below for hope and fame and followings of their trains.

Oh, men of worthy deed! Oh, men whose thought ennobled life!
We, watching for your footprints in the midst of toil and strife,
Take courage and believe that there is no eternal night,
And we press on to find as ye have found Eternal Light.

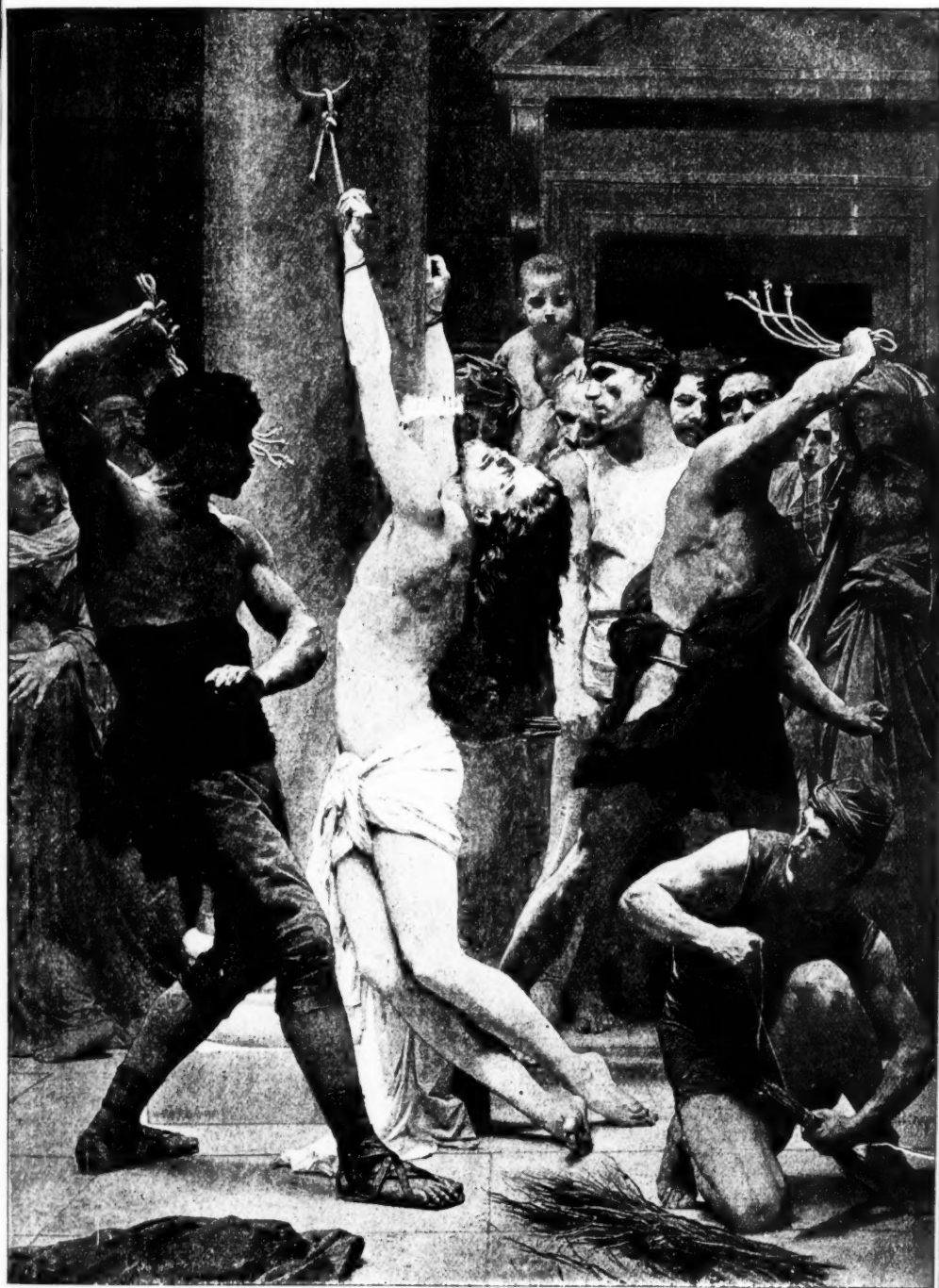
—N. A. H. in New York Times.

When Pins Were new.

A curious fact in the early history of pins is that when they were first sold in "open shop" there was such a great demand for them that a code was passed permitting their sale only on two days in the year—the 1st and 2d of January. Those days the court ladies and the city dames flocked to the depots to purchase them in such numbers that they were accounted festivals.







Miscellaneous Musings.

RICHARD A. Bachia, vice-president of the Ruy Lopez Co., 20 Fulton St., New York, has returned from a trip to Cuba, where he replenished the company's stock of tobaccos with the finest Vuelta Abajo obtainable, over which he is most enthusiastic. Mr. Bachia is still more enthusiastic regarding the quality of the goods to be turned out by the factory from now on. This progressive concern will occupy the whole building at 20 Fulton St. after the first of next year, having recently closed the lease for same, which speaks volumes for the success with which their various brands of clear Havana cigars is meeting throughout the country.

—The Orior Lid Rest Co.'s recently patented device is easily demonstrating its superiority to anything of the kind in the market. Indeed there is nothing of its kind. It is absolutely unique both in design and practical usefulness. It is one thing to perfect an invention even of genuine merit and quite another to successfully secure public demand for it. This latter the company is now doing by systematically presenting its many features before manufacturers and the trade, and they are meeting with success such as must come with an article of merit and that made known. To the four cardinal practical points of the device—a nail puller, a stamp cutter, a lid supporter, and a price card holder, should be added two or three more, equally as important and satisfactory to the tobacco man—a dollar puller, a swear cutter, a moral supporter, a patience holder. A small catalogue illustrating and explaining the uses of their invention is a beautiful piece of work and tells the truth. Write the company for one: 532 Washington St., Reading, Pa.

—The firm of Batt, Gunst & Esbert has been dissolved, Simon Batt having bought out the other two members. The business will be continued under the name of Simon Batt & Co.

—Kentucky's average tobacco crop

is worth about \$12,000,000, or nearly one-third of the value of the entire country's crop of the article.

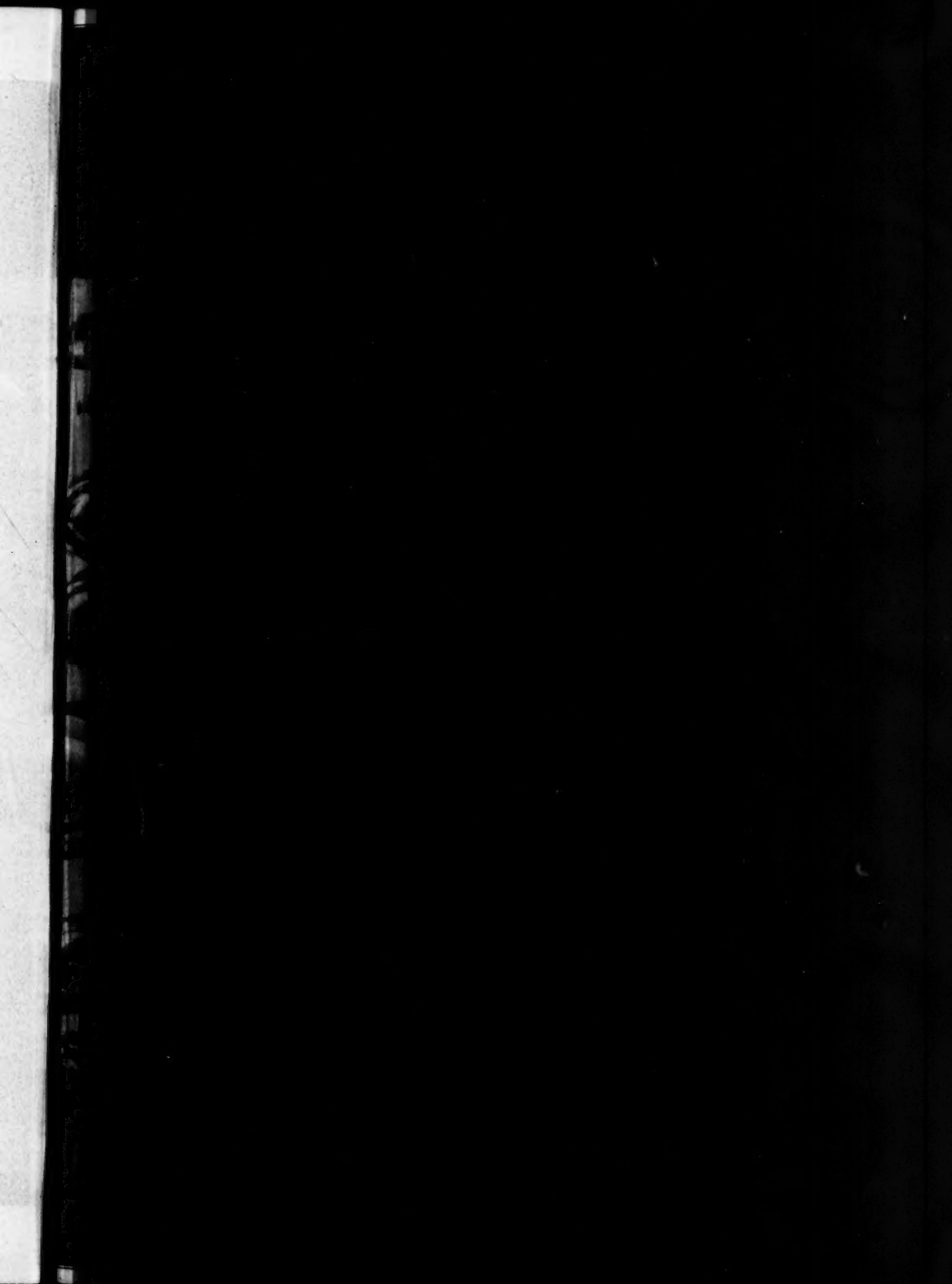
—The regular quarterly dividend of 2 per cent. and $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., respectively, on the preferred and common stock of the American Tobacco Co. has been declared.

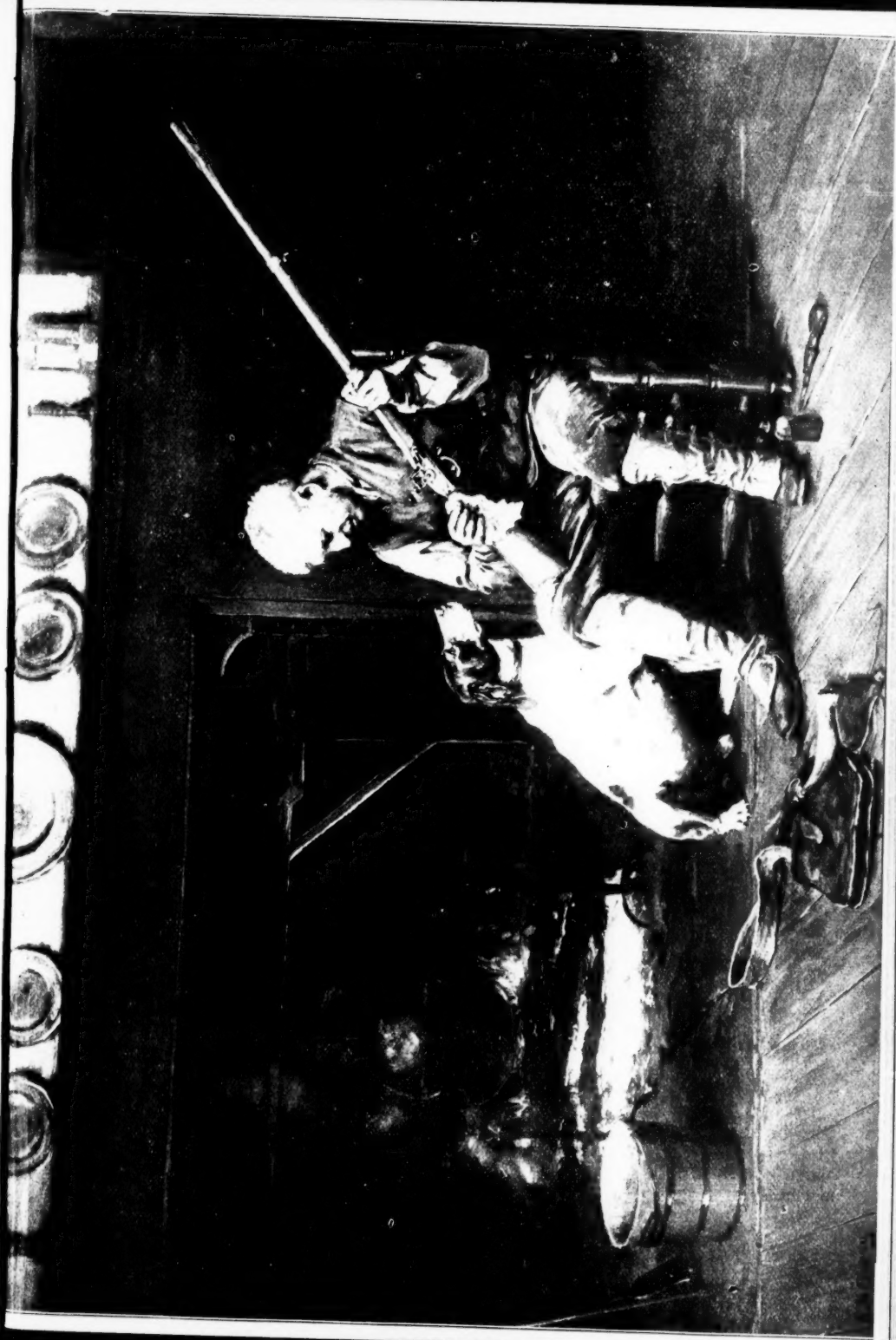
—The R. & W. Jenkinson Co. are adding tremendously to their already extensive list of stores. The latest is the purchase of the cigar trade of 44 drug stores in Pittsburg, Pa. Wow!

—The American Tobacco Co. has purchased Ogden's Ltd., one of the largest representative tobacco concerns in the British Isles. In addition to this they have acquired property in Ireland with a view to starting operations there. For some time past the company has had a strong foothold in British Colonies and unless English manufacturers move with more than their accustomed pace they are likely to see themselves supplanted at no distant date in this another branch of the worlds' trade. The tobacco trust is not the least energetic and successful of the great trade forces, as this country can testify. When they want a business they usually get it—or crush it. They want the world's tobacco trade.

—“Foxy Grandpa,” who, in other spheres has proved himself one of the wisest of his day and generation, is now the name of a new 5c. cigar put on the market by Austin, Nichols & Co. It is a new brand and a new combination of the new tobacco crop. All this is not so important because there are lots of new brands. What gives weight to the announcement is the name of the firm; what lends driving power to this is the admirable style in which the goods are placed on the market. The circular issued by the Cigar Department Manager, J. Edward Cowles, is loaded with piquant information which is English and sense and will have a safe effect—the true test of a circular.

—The British “Atkins” is a notorious smoker of the berated cigarette. One American manufacturer last year





shipped 200,000,000 to South Africa, where the war of Proclamations goes merrily on.

—"The British Tobacco Company" was registered in London a few days since, the subscribers including such household words as Duke, Fuller, Harris. Dublin hostility to the new enterprise is pronounced.

—Enterprising Japan, which for years has imported all tobacco used in the country from America, has been making elaborate efforts and conducting wide experiments for the purpose of trying to raise the article on her own soil. Apparently great success has resulted and it is expected much of the tobacco used will soon be of native growth.

—An estimate of the New England crop of tobacco this year places it at \$5,000,000 on a basis of 1,500 pounds to the acre and 20c. a pound.

—The Duke of Cornwall, like his father, King Edward, is a prodigious smoker. A shipment of 10,000 of the finest cigars made and intended for the dual party went down off the coast of Newfoundland in the wrecked liner *Lusitania*. They were packed in hermetically sealed boxes and a large part of them recovered and found in perfect order. Meantime the Duke's order was duplicated in London. The cigars were valued at three shillings (75c.) each. Who wouldn't be an heir apparent?

—Tobacco trade interests throughout the entire country showed the profound respect exhibited by all classes in which the late President was held. Stores, however small, were appropriately draped, some of them with much artistic effect. Factories, warehouses and stores were closed on the National day of mourning, even retail stores being shut tight for at least a part of the day; a remarkable tribute indeed.

—A "greater strike" is now threatened in Tampa by the International Cigarmakers by reason of the decision of the manufacturers who have declared that they will no longer recognize unions. The manufacturers say

they have been forced into taking this step by the American Cigar Co., which insists upon fighting unions as such. The workmen will be allowed to keep their places but will not be recognized as members of a "Union."

—The Weissenger Tobacco Co., a big independent concern, of Louisville, is increasing its capitalization very largely. A lot of newspaper gossip has centered about this factory and its alleged purchase by the Universal Tobacco Co.—that sphinx of the trade. So far the Louisville house seems to be as independent as ever.

—Cigarettes may no longer be smoked on the smoking compartment of the vestibuled trains on some of the Pittsburg & Western trains. Passengers have long objected to the rank odors for which some brands of cigarettes derive their chief fame and the railroad officials backed them up in these protests with a forbidding order. This smoke has already been tabooed so far as employees are concerned by more than one system. Almost any old thing goes in the regular smoking car.

—Consolidated Tobacco Co. bonds were lately listed on the New York Stock Exchange and one of the items in the asset column was cash \$20,912,120—certainly a very respectable and satisfying kind of an asset. There is no getting around hard cash; when you have it.

—The Central City Cigar Co., of Jackson, Mich., has been reorganized with a paid up capital of \$5,000, and such efficient officers as B. Burris and A. W. Stitt as President and Secretary, respectively.

—As a first result of the new scale of prices for stogie making in Wheeling, W. Va. Hannen Bros. have closed down and contemplate removal. The scale increases wages 25 cents a thousand.

—Edward Ganter, of Reading, Pa., has contracted for a three-story tobacco factory on North 10th St.

—Kathryn Osterman is suing the Scotten Dillon Co., manufacturers of





plug tobacco, for damages for alleged use of the actresses' full moon photograph to advertise a brand of plug chewing. The photo is labelled "I chew Real Thing Plug" and the original says she doesn't chew. She wants \$10,000 damages. Anything else—possibly?

—Another field of labor has been opened for women in connection with the harvesting of tobacco grown under shade in the Connecticut Valley. The first thing the girls did was to strike.

—There has lately been added to the growing list of Cincinnati's industries the factory of the Mingo Tobacco Works. Under the aggressive management of R. E. Strohfeldt a first class line of goods is being put out. The "Hanker," a new brand, is soon to be introduced to the public and expects to have a wide acquaintance among smoking society.

—Canadian manufacturers have long been asking a rebate on cigar cuttings (made from imported leaf only) exported and the Government has now issued a regulation granting a rebate of ten cents per pound.

—A 200 acre lot owned by J. M. Barker, prominent among tobacco planters of the State of Virginia, has 1,000,000 plants of bright leaf growing, and the crop represents the tidy sum of \$15,000.

—Elmira, N. Y., is to have a big cigar factory, the property of a corporation known as the American Tobacco Co. Readers may have heard the name before.

—The new Ford tobacco factory at Tullahoma, Tenn., is now filling orders, and its capacity will be further increased as soon as the work can be done.

—J. R. Williams, a cigar salesman of Syracuse, N. Y., has brought suit against C. A. Smith and Smith & Rogers, cigar manufacturers, of Binghamton, N. Y., to recover a large sum of money alleged to be due for alleged breach of contract on the part of the

latter in underselling to Williams' customers and for failure to fill certain orders.

—Reed & Rairdon have opened business as jobbers of cigars, tobaccos and smokers' sundries at 317 W. 5th St., Des Moines, Iowa. Both are old time traveling men and hustlers.

—The building and plant of The American Machine & Foundry Co., at Hanover, Pa., were lately destroyed by fire, involving a loss of \$150,000. Their business was almost wholly that of manufacturing special machinery for the American Tobacco Co., which gives some idea of the extent of the latter's business.

—When it comes to raising revenue tobacco scores very heavily. Last year's internal revenue receipts amounted to over three hundred millions and of this total tobacco, cigars and cigarettes contributed over one-fifth. The stupendous total of 6,455,438,219 cigars (large and small) and 2,277,069,818 cigarettes paid the tax, while of smoking and chewing tobacco nearly 300,000,000 pounds contributed to revenue purposes. These figures, except in the case of cigarettes, which show a remarkable falling off, exceed that of every other year in the history of the trade.

—With an innocent looking capital of only \$2,500 and a few obscure names appearing as incorporators, the Havana-American Tobacco Co. was lately launched from the well worn ways of the New Jersey stock company yard. It will be remembered that the Continental Co. also started with a nominal amount of capital, but it didn't take long to expand.

—Labor is cheap in Porto Rico and there is talk, it is said, on the part of the union tobacco workers, of invading the colony with a view to unionizing it. The good old doctrine of strikes would then fall into the procession of other things following the flag. Pity indeed if a place existed which was not a stamping ground for labor agitation.



—The W. L. Petty Co., of Rocky Mount, N. C., with a paid in capital of \$50,000, has started to carry on a heavy business in leaf and manufactured tobacco.

—Dance & Anderson, two experienced tobacco men, have formed a company for the purpose of handling tobacco at Wilson, N. C. The town is becoming prominent as a tobacco-market centre in the South.

—Albany is expecting much from the new cigar factory of the American Tobacco Co. now about beginning manufacturing operations. It is expected to be the banner cigar factory of that section, employing ultimately some 2,000 hands.

—Tampa last year paid in wages to cigarmakers alone \$2,000,000 for the manufacture of 130,000,000 cigars. If strikes are not commoner than usual more will be paid this year.

Flimflammers have a new game in connection with the aid of slot machines. As alleged constables they go into a shop, produce a writ—bogus of course—seize the machine and walk off with it. It's a pity ingenuity of this versatile character could not be put at work.

—Hanna, Stapp & Riegel, a limited manufacturing company, of Shenandoah, Pa., has been established at 11 N. Jordin St. under exceptionally favorable circumstances for the manufacture of tobacco.

—For the potato bug there is the happy antidote of Paris green, for the fig bug which formerly ruined the California fig an insect to kill, for the mosquito Dr. Doty, and now the tobacco farmer is wondering whether there is any balm in Gilead for him, persecuted as he is with the tobacco worm. This prolific pest is another one of those creatures the existence of which excites the idle curiosity of people as to why they were ever made and for what. A patent tobacco worm catcher is at work in the fields of some of the farmers, but they have yet to demonstrate ability to encompass the

wily worm. The anxious farmer is looking for an exterminator which exterminates.

—Henry Clay Ward, of Pontiac, Mich., is erecting a cigar factory in Leamington, Ont., which will handle 3,000,000 pounds of Canadian tobacco annually and employ over 200 men.

—Corporation Counsel Whalen has drawn up an ordinance prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to minors under 18. Same duly referred to the committee on laws. That's all!

—Somebody must smoke cheroots. Richmond already has a factory owned by the American Cigar Co. and turning out millions, while other buildings are being added to largely increase the output.

—Very heavy imports of Porto Rico cigars brings up the interesting question as to whether they are likely to injuriously affect the manufacture of American cigars or the importation of Havanas. As to the latter there is, for a certain class, no substitute; price or fashion does not count and the trade in Porto Ricans is little felt. Once the curiosity is satisfied and the newness of "free trade" worn off it is doubtful whether their importation will appreciably affect more than a few private brands of the cheaper grade of domestics.

—The Central Kentucky Cigar Mfg. Co., of Richmond, Ky., has been increased from \$1,000 to \$4,000, one man taking the entire amount.

—As a tobacco manufacturing city St. Louis, Mo., outranks any other city in the world, and in chewing tobacco especially has a well recognized reputation which has made millionaire citizens and added vastly to the manufacturing prosperity of the State.

—S. H. House is putting up a large plant and building for the purpose of going into the cigar making business at Canandaigua, N. Y.

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Pan-American.

IS the Exposition *per se* destined to be numbered among the world's great "has beens"? Qualifiedly every exposition is a success; people learn something from them, and while a little learning is still a "dangerous thing," that which is acquired from an exposition is not of the "little" species. Next to travel it is or should be broadening. But the public show symptoms of being sated. Enough is plenty even of the best. The exposition is an excellent thing overdone. It is like a first rate author pouring out books for a financial consideration and on the reputation of a splendid past. Reputation is thin ice and while it may be beautiful to glide over for a time it is thin and the incautious are likely to glide into a hole and out of sight. The exposition has done great things and should not become associated in the public mind with tiresomeness.

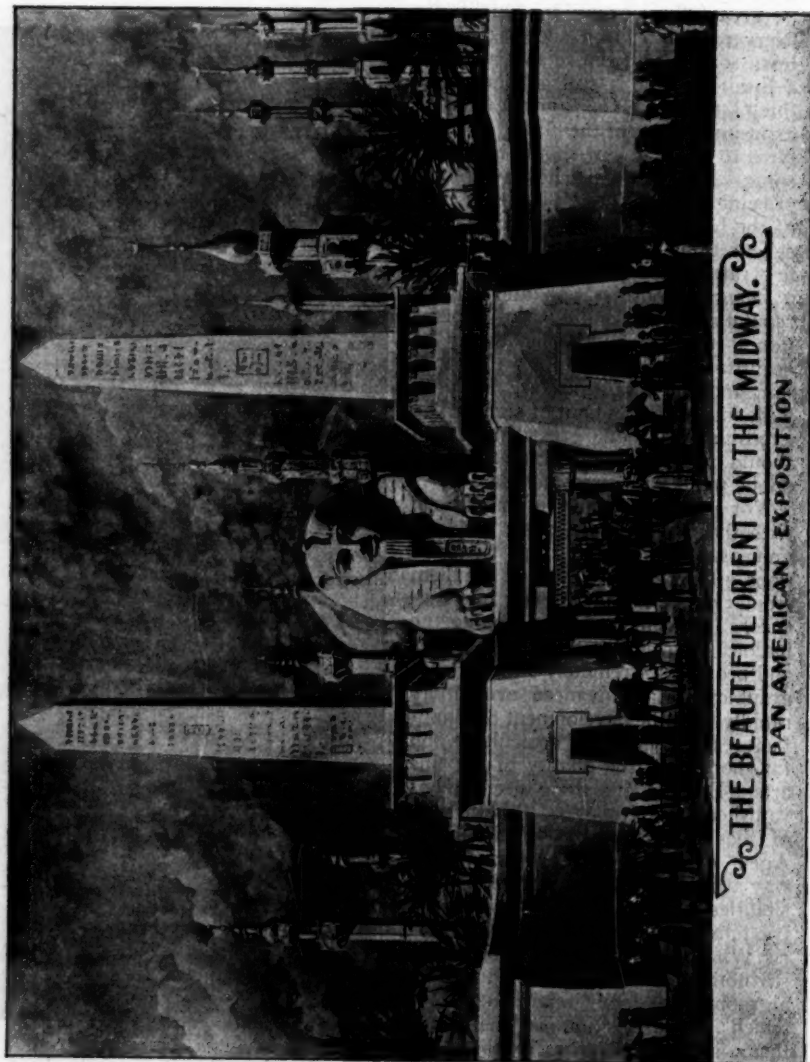
Not that they suffer in comparison with those held in the past; they are immeasurably superior to past expositions. The system of conducting them from crudity has developed into science. Intercommunication among the nations or even community of States and peoples not remotely situated geographically has advanced even more rapidly than the development of manufactures, the science of agriculture and far more than the quality of the fine arts. But the one thing needful has vanished—novelty. And this in spite of the untiring genius of the Press Agent, of Government grants, of Midway attractions, of the marvelous possibilities in the way of beautiful electric light effects, of Eiffel Tower, Ferris Wheel and Trip to the Moon—to say nothing of the intrinsic educational, moral and commercial benefits for which the exposition is the noted theme in prosy speeches looking towards appropriations or otherwise. Public interest drags and visions of White Elephants dance before the promoters who have depended upon "stock" for their money. With the salaried pro-

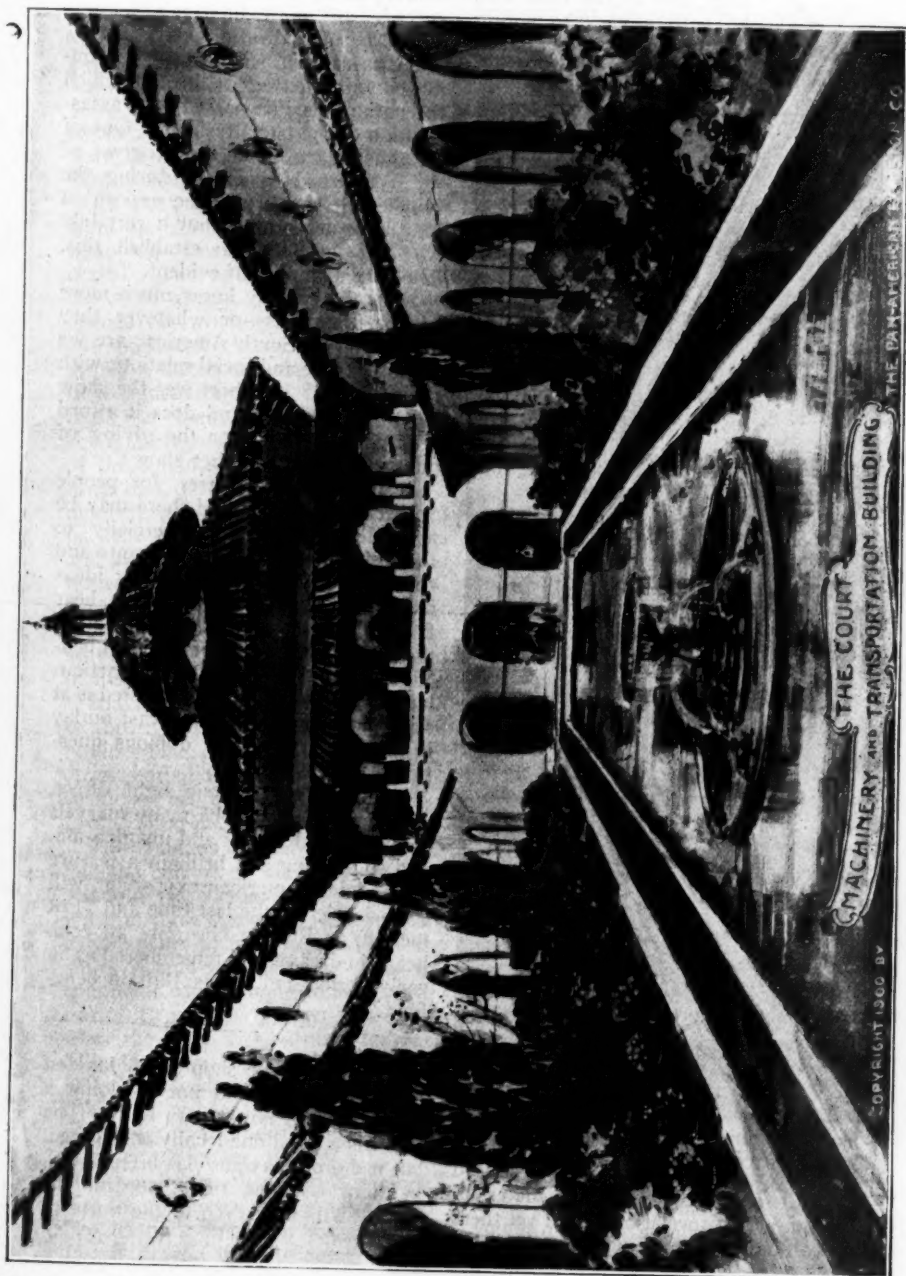
moters it may be different: salary has a habit of being prejudiced. The big public which goes without a pass or a salary or a pull—expecting to pay its



money, and in this it is rarely disappointed, wants a rest.

Of its kind the Pan-American probably excelled all its predecessors. Expositions look remarkably alike to the

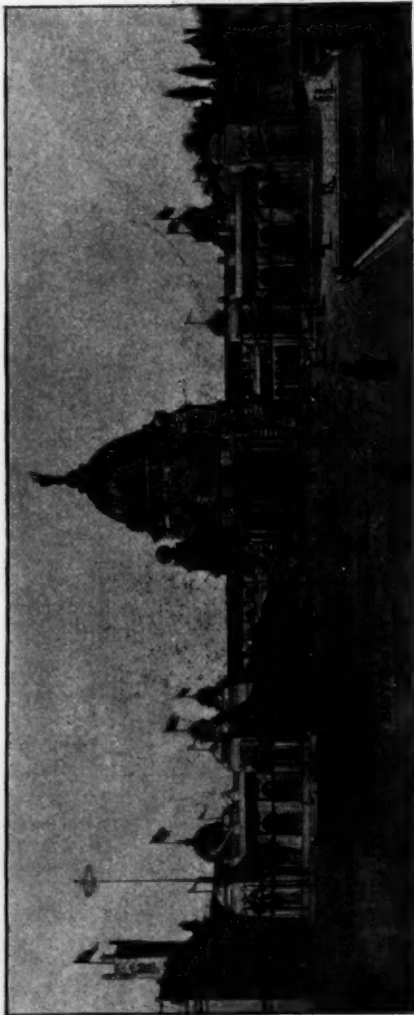




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average visitor, but to the man who studies them with a view to noting improvements the Buffalo effort in scientific achievement shows distinct ad-



vance. In color effect, in decoration, in the weird and wonderful produced by the agency of electricity, the exposition was a revelation. And yet there is an indifferent feeling throughout the

country as to whether or not it was a success as an exhibition's success should be judged—did it pay.

Historically it will always be connected with the tragedy through which the nation has just passed—the assassination of the late President. One of its aims was to show the progress of the Western Hemisphere during the Nineteenth Century. The exposition may have accentuated but it certainly was not necessary to establish this. The fact is amply self evident.

Does the country know much more of the Republics—or whatever they call them—in South America; are we in closer trade and social relations with their peoples? In short was the show worth the millions and does it afford reasonable ground for the giving of another grant to another show?

It is good for salaries, for people with ends to serve; and there may be a resultant benefit commercially to those who have studied the wants and conditions of customers. New ideas may be carried away and may bear fruit; these are valuable, but whether the sum total of good, of practical benefit to the nation or even of the particular community specially interested is at all commensurate with the vast outlay is another and a very dubious question.

The dazzling electric light effect, most marvellous of the many marvels of mechanical genius and imagination, and so striking and brilliant a feature of the latest American exposition, will soon dazzle for the last time and "Put me off at Buffalo" be only an echo heard in dreams and remembered as an early spring fad. Has Buffalo benefited?

—Just why the shop at 18 Maiden Lane, N. Y., should not be doing a good business is not easy to see. The stand is a good one locally considered, but it did not pay and has been closed. Without the one thing needful the wheels will stick even in the finest of carriages.

The Smoke That Fooled.

ONE of the two men who boarded the smoking car had been visiting Chinatown on his way over to the station. This might have been deduced by a close observer from the long packets of flaming vermillion that stuck out of his breast pocket and from the bamboo-stemmed pipe that a wrapping of newspaper only half concealed. The two men settled themselves in a seat on the shady side, opened the window in front of them and produced cigars. One of them struck a match and they both lighted their cigars from it.

As the man who held the match shook it preparatory to throwing it out of the window, the man from Chinatown said, "Hold on! Keep that for a moment," and, opening one of his red packets, drew forth two punk sticks and lighted them. Nobody seemed to notice the action. He looked around for a place to stick them, and after searching in vain for a crack in the seat in front inserted them in the band of his companion's straw hat.

In a moment or two the sticks began to throw out delicate wreaths of aromatic smoke, and a man in the seat in front sniffed and looked around uneasily. The man from Chinatown grinned and nudged his seatmate.

The train pulled out of the station and the current of air from the open windows blew the smoke from the burning punk hither and thither, and as its sphere of influence widened the sniffs became more general. When the conductor came around to take up the tickets two or three men asked him what the road was burning for fuel. "I had an idea that the directors might have approved a plan to utilize old rubber overshoes and obsolete wool mattresses compressed into bricks," said one passenger, sarcastically.

"I smell something, sure enough," said the conductor, "but it seems to me like feathers dipped in wood alcohol. If any of you want to come into the

baggage car I'm sure you're welcome. It doesn't seem so strong there."

"You'd better look up your little red ax and bottles of fire-extinguishing dope," suggested the man from Chinatown, looking about him. The next instant he touched the conductor on the arm and winked to indicate a young man three seats back who was smoking a cigarette.

"That's what the trouble is," assented the conductor.

When he got around to the cigarette smoker he asked him what brand he used.

"Devils No. 18," said the young man, with a grateful appreciation of the conductor's interest. "They're good."

"I'd try either No. 9 or No. 36 if I were you," said the conductor, mildly. "I think they must have made a mistake and given you No. 13. I don't believe they're going to bring you good luck."

"Why not?" asked the young man.

"Because of the way they smell," said the conductor.

"You can't tell what there is in them things," remarked a passenger who was smoking a spotty, greenish-brown cigar that burned in an irregular wedge on one side.

"See here," said the young man, wrathfully, and straightening out a pair of broad shoulders, "these cigarettes have got tobacco in them, but I don't care if it's hay and oakum. I smoke 'em because I want to smoke 'em, and if there's anybody that thinks he can tell me what I want to smoke he'd better try it right now."

"I see that the railroads are forbidding their men to smoke them," observed the man from Chinatown, in a rather loud tone of voice, whereat the young man half raised himself in his seat and then sank back again and sent a stream of smoke over toward his tormentor. Another stream floated back from the punk to meet it, and the young man saw it and the punk in the same instant.

"If you took them sticks out of your friend's hat it would seem less like a hop joint in this car," said the young man.

And then the friend had to take them out, because the passengers earnestly requested him to, and the man from Chinatown laughed and said that he ought to have known better. As for the young man, he lighted a fresh cigarette unchallenged.

Elegance and Simplicity.

Goods are judged by their surroundings. For the purpose of showing them creditably, sensibly and sellingly, the first real essential of a store interior is its showcases—its fixtures. These imprison the eye and then fix attention on the goods themselves, to which they give a tone and character. If it is a false one, it is the goods which suffer.

Elegance is the keynote of perfect decoration. It satisfies the demands of good taste, educates a willing taste and rebukes a poor taste; it is indispensable in a modern, first-class store catering to a cultured public.

Demand in this connection is happily met by the John Hofman Co., 30-32 South Water St., Rochester, N. Y., whose pride in the character of their trade and educated taste are supplemented by wide knowledge and thorough experience. Two words describe their goods—elegance and simplicity. It is due to these that such an order for instance as that of John Wanamaker—\$14,000.00—is made easy, and that their business not only retains its footing wherever obtained, but is rapidly becoming Continental in its extent.

Their catalogue—superbly illustrated and gotten up—is forwarded upon application to any one contemplating improvements which improve, and next to an inspection of the splendid business premises of this concern is the possession of one of these handsome catalogues. Send for it even if

you do not want to improve your store—it may give you an idea. Read it and you will want improvements.

New York Theatres.

PROCTOR'S combination scheme now being tried in his theatres throughout the city is meeting with great encouragement. It enables the management to give the public an admirable variety of entertainment first, last and all the time. With such dramas as "Mme. Butterfly," David Belasco's beautiful Japanese tragedy, and "Blue Jeans," "A Night Off," and other revivals of first class plays, there is no lack of the solid theatre element, while the vaudeville is uniformly high class. The return of Sandow, who will appear exclusively under this management, is looked forward to with keen interest by thousands. Sandow is a real "strong man," and the management is to be congratulated on its enterprise.

"Winchester," a fine old war play, is being revived at the Grand Opera House and with lots of genuine applause.

At Keith's some of the new features are certainly worth seeing. Balancing a dog cart on one's chin is not an every day easy matter, and that is one of them.

"Don Caesar's Return" at Wallack's is on for at least another week, James K. Hackett doing the grand, assisted by Theodore Roberts.

"Sapho," a dramatized version of the novel by Douglas Roberts, is being presented by a stock company at the Murray Hill Theatre.

David Warfield is now at home in the Bijou in his play of New York life, "The Auctioneer."

Mrs. Fiske has entered another week of her stay at The Manhattan, her own theatre, in her presentation of "Miranda of the Balcony."

"The Liberty Belles," a musical comedy now at the Madison Square Theatre, is one of the liveliest farces seen on the boards for some time.

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Klaw & Erlanger's Troubadours are an unusually pretty lot of girls and they are all alive.

At the Harlem Opera House "The Governor's Son" is revived by the four Cohans with new scenery and costumes.

"Standing room only" at the Knickerbocker, where "The Rogers Brothers in Washington" will soon end its engagement.

"Northern Lights" has been revived at the American Theatre, with James E. Wilson and Jessaline Rogers in the leading rôles.

Louis Mann and Clara Lipman are still presenting their Boer war play, "The Red Kloof," at the New Savoy Theatre.

"Tom Moore" is being finished up by Andrew Mack at the Herald Square Theatre.

William Faversham is still prosperous at the Criterion with his romantic play, "A Royal Rival."

"Hoity Toity" and the burlesque of "Diplomacy" keep Weber & Fields filled to the doors.

The fourth week of "The Forest Lovers" at the Lyceum Theatre finds full houses and Bertha Galland continuing her success.

James T. Powers in "The Messenger Boy" is scoring heavily at Daly's. It is a good one.

The veteran J. H. Stoddart is down for a long run in "The Bonnie Brier Bush" at the Theatre Republic.

"King's Carnival," "Supper at Sherry's," and some special features make up the bill at the New York Theatre.

At the Academy of Music "Arizona" with a troop of cavalry and a big cast is having its old drawing power.

John Drew is attracting large audiences in his play "The Second in Command," now running at the Empire.

The Fourteenth Street Theatre is now held by "The Cipher Code," and, judging by the success of the opening night, will continue to for some time.

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Retailers' Review.

A COMMUNICATION dated Sept. 24th, signed "The Committee" and headed "Cigar Store Keepers' Protective Association," is being circulated in the interests of retail cigar store keepers. It accuses the tobacco trust of attempting, through its alleged agency The United States Cigar Stores Co., to stifle competition, secure control of the tobacco trade and drive the retailer out of business. The Association has been devised for the purpose of union, co-operation and self protection, and every retail store keeper is requested to lend his assistance for the common object.

—After a four years' vacation from business N. Middaugh, an old time tobacco man, is again, to the satisfaction of his friends, a dealer with a place on Summit St., Toledo, O.

—H. Lowenthal has opened a new stand in the vestibule of St. James Building, 1127 Broadway, New York, the place having first been elaborately fitted up.

—J. Woolfson, an experienced tobacconist, has opened out business in fine style at 601 Broadway, New York.

—Tompkinsville, N. Y., has a new cigar stand presided over by an enterprising young lady, Miss M. A. Hatt.

—J. L. Rappley is now in a handsomely appointed wholesale and retail cigar store at 63 Water St., Newburg, N. Y.

—There is to be a "Roycroft Segar Shop" in honor of John W. Merriam & Co. and the famous "Bull Dog" at Louisville, Ky. Humler & Nolan will name their new store in this way and make a specialty of the goods of the New York firm.

—New Orleans is attracting attention as a place for the manufacture of tobacco goods, and retail business is not likely to get behind the procession. One of the handsomest stores in the city was lately opened on Camp and Canal Streets by Jose Vega, a well known tobacconist of that city.

—J. F. Gallagher, a prominent cigar manufacturer of Springfield, Mass., has opened a new cigar stand in Myer's Building, with fixtures thoroughly unique and beautiful. A high

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La Belle Rosa

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FLOR DE JUAN LA PAZ
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*A Warm Novelette.
You'll want more
after you read it.*

10c. Each. Send to-day, don't
delay.

Towle Specialty Co.

BOSTON, MASS.

grade business will be done and a good deal of it.

—Conrad & Ligon have entered into a partnership to conduct a more-than-up-to-the-mark-of-the-best cigar stores at Danville, Va.

—Geo. Scribner, of Morristown, N. J., has purchased the cigar store and business of E. Snyder.

—Theo. Stewart is now most acceptably serving customers in his lately purchased cigar store on E. Main St., Galin, O.

—Chas. Sicker, of the Gem Cigar Store, W. Market St., Reading, Pa., is compelled to enlarge premises to meet growing and appreciative custom.

—Another deadly instance of the fatal results of confirmed smoking was lately furnished by the case of Mrs. H. Gibson, of Pleasant Hill, Ky. She is dead at the age of 103, having smoked for the last 80 years a good old corncob.

R. T. Wilcox and A. J. Hanker, of Le Roy, N. Y., have bought out the tobacco business of R. P. Sheldon. They propose capturing a high-class trade.

The following transfers in the retail cigar and tobacco trade have lately been made: J. J. Miller to the Crescent Cigar Co., Tucson, Ariz.; H. H. Mitchell to O. M. Miller, Edinburg, Ind.; Geo. W. Klub to H. A. Brown, Girard, Kan.; Gardiner & Gardiner to W. J. Gardiner, Montgomery, Ala.; Phillips & Moore to Bagley & McLain, Omaha, Neb.; Jerome Wood to M. Lawson, Gallipolis, O.; Wm. Pickles to Fish & Ruff, Arthena, Ore.; J. W. Donald to A. F. St. Sure, Alameda, Cal.

F. D. Owings, of Knoxville, Tenn., has bought out the business of C. M. Garde on Wall St. The shop is a popular smokers' resort, and a first-class business is being done.

E. M. Mead has sold to Mrs. Dent his interest in the cigar business of Harris & Mead, 32 Washington St., Oshkosh, Wis., and will open another store in that city.

—F. I. Deforest, proprietor of the Derby cigar store, Ansonia, Conn., has moved into enlarged and thoroughly



Generously Good

Chileno 5¢ Cigar.

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT, AND METROPOLITAN TOBACCO CO., NEW YORK.

GAS AND ELECTRIC ILLUMINATING SIGNS

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Signs
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Effec-
tively.
Write
for
Prices.

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ELECTRIC

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CIGARS

THOS. HUGHES,
21 Clinton Place,
51 East 9th St.,
NEW YORK.

BILLIARDS

SIGNS OF
EVERY
DESCRIPTION
"UP TO THE MINUTE."

HOTEL

WINES
AND
LIQUORS

SIGNS

✦

Gas
and
Electric
Fix-
tures.
Plain
and
Orna-
mental
Work.

✦

THOMAS H. HUGHES, MANUFACTURER OF
SIGN'S OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
21 CLINTON PLACE,
51 E. EIGHTH STREET, } Near Broadway,
NEW YORK.

DROP US A LINE AND WE'LL SHOW YOU "HOW TO INCREASE YOUR BUSINESS."

Please mention THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE to advertisers.

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**SUBSCRIBERS
ONLY!**

A Lick and They'll Stick,
But You'll Not Get Stuck.

**2000
GUMMED
LABELS**

SEND CASH
WITH ORDER.

\$1.⁰⁰

**Advertise Your Store.
Increase your Business.**

A. WISEMAN,
DEALER IN
FINE CIGARS,
711 Easy Street,
Hustletown, N. Y.

EXACT SIZE, 1 3/8 X 1 1/2 INCHES.

Anything
you want on
them; but
the less you
have, the bet-
ter they will
show up.

This label
contains all
that's neces-

sary. Neatly printed on best gummed paper
in assorted colors, and mailed promptly (in
about 10 days) in a specially made box that
will keep them in perfect shape. Don't wait
until you're all out, order now.

YOU WANT MORE?

ALL RIGHT! Send us

\$2.⁰⁰ FOR 5000

OF THE BEST GUMMED LABELS MADE.

**The Smoker's Times
Building,
Magazine Co., New York**

3C. STAMPS ACCEPTED.

renovated premises, and after a few improvements added on his own account will have one of the handsomest cigar stores in the city.

—Some of the Trenton, N. J., cigar stores are now by agreement closed on Sundays, and both proprietor and clerk get the day off. The agreement among the storekeepers holds until one of the parties breaks it.

—The easy ones are not all dead, and never will be. A. Frankiewicz, a tobacco dealer of Baltimore, lately handed \$800 to a stranger as his share of a partnership to be entered into between the two. So far the other partner has not put up his cash, and, strange to say, the gentleman himself has disappeared—together with the \$800.

—S. V. Phelps' cigar store at 310 N. 16th St., Omaha, Neb., suffered loss through fire lately, but insurance will cover.

—One of the snuggest little stores in Harrison, O., is that recently opened by John Small.

—William Johnson now has a wide awake cigar depot in Olympia, Wash.

—J. H. Hadley & Co., of Lewiston, Ill., have purchased the good will and stock of F. E. Huff & Co.

—J. L. Lintz & Co. have one of the neatest stores in Rochester, N. Y. Their premises at 124 State St. are being enlarged with a view to meeting increased Autumn trade.

—Alive Bollard, a prominent cigarman of 199 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., had a \$10,000 loss by fire in his store recently, but was fortunately covered by insurance.

—Baldwinsville, Mass., has a new cigar store opened by A. Morphus, a practical tobacconist, formerly of Newton.

—Robert Sweatt, one of the populars of Carthage, Mo., has resigned his position with the bowling alley people, and opened a cigar store.

—Robt. Tyrrell, an ex-Marshall of Jamesburg, N. J., has purchased the Snook cigar store, and will serve the public in the smoke capacity.

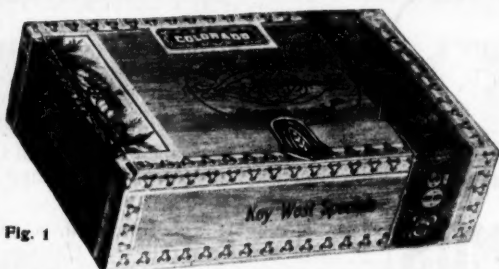


Fig. 1

SHOWS OPENER AND REST AS IT LEAVES THE CIGAR MANUFACTURER

The Orior Box Opener and Lid Rest is the only device of its kind on the market.

It Pulls the Nail
It Cuts the Stamp
It Supports the Lid
It Holds the Price Card



Fig. 3

SHAPING OPENER TO MAKE LID REST



Fig. 2

LIFTING UP OPENER AND REST TO DRAW NAIL



Fig. 5

LID REST IN POSITION SUPPORTING LID.

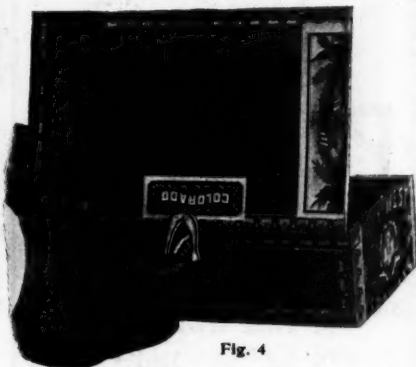


Fig. 4

INSERTING POINT OF LID REST IN BOX

PATENT ALLOWED

The Orior Lid Rest Co.

Manufacturers and Patentees

READING, PA.

U. S. A.

SOME DO—SOME DON'T
DON'T BE A DON'T

Register YOUR BRANDS

A
GOOD NAME
FOR A CIGAR IS WORTH
THOUSANDS OF
DOLLARS.

Protect Your Property

The longer a brand is used the more valuable it becomes, and even though you have used an unregistered title for years, it may some day cost you considerable to establish your claim of ownership.

Have Your Brands Registered For Your Own Good.

We have the best and most up-to-date facilities for Registering Brands, and guarantee *Superior Service* in every particular.

Registration with Sealed Certificate, \$1.00
Search, Resulting in Rejection, . . .25

Cash to accompany all applications.

The Smoker's Magazine Co.,
Times Building, New York.

**Red Register
Bureau.**

—A. R. Myers is now in the tobacco business in Waterville, N. Y., having lately opened an attractive little store in the building formerly occupied by Connor, as a tailor shop.

—George Weber has opened a nicely fitted up cigar store at 15 N. 7th St., Reading, Pa., called the "Union Cigar Store," and carrying nothing but union-made goods.

—H. M. Schermerhorn, a prominent retail cigarman, of Chicago, Ill., with headquarters at 61 S. Clark St., is opening another stand on Monroe St.

—The ladies of Titusville, Pa., are out on a Sunday closing crusade, and local dealers are keeping under cover. Cigars are to be cut out entirely.

—An established and reliable cigar store, where you can get anything wanted in a smoker's outfit, and as good as you want it, is that of Jacob Jordan, at 82 Congress St., Troy, N. Y.

—Fire destroyed a very heavy stock of cigars in the shop of Niles & Moser, well known cigar dealers of Kansas, Mo., more than a half million cigars at one time floating about the store rooms as a result of efforts to keep down the blaze. The firm is supplying the trade just the same, having at once ordered goods through express delivery.

—The old firm of F. Link & Son, now under the capable management of F. Link, Jr., is about to increase working forces. Their business at 116 Wall St., Schenectady, N. Y., is one of the easily best in the city.

—Officers of the United States Retailers & Consumers Cigar & Tobacco Co., of New York, have been elected for the ensuing year. They are: William G. Ball, president; James Owens, vice-president; Michael J. Cummings, secretary; Wm. J. Heilferty, treasurer; Percival E. Nagle, Michael J. Cummings, William G. Ball, A. W. Bourveau, James Owens, Wm. J. Heilferty, P. H. Scott, John P. Everett and L. M. Volk, directors.

—Retail men of Atlanta, Ga., have organized a Retail Tobacconists' As-

P. Pohalski & Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF



HAVANA... — CIGARS

At KEY WEST, FLA.

NEW YORK OFFICE: 203 West Broadway.

Price List of "CAKE WALK" CIGARS.

	Ins.	Long	Packed	Per 100	Per M
Londres . . .	4¾	1-20	\$3 50	\$30 00	
Gems . . .	4¾	1-20	3 50	30 00	
Puritans . . .	4¾	1-20	3 50	30 00	
Concha Extra . . .	4¾	1-20	3 50	30 00	
(Perfecto Shape)					
Conchas . . .	4¾	1-20	3 50	30 00	
Boquet (All Havana Filled and Perfecto Shape) . . .	3¾	1-20	3 00	28 00	

A discount of 5 per cent. is allowed for cash with order. Sent C. O. D. the above prices are net.

Handsome Show Case Cards given free with each order of 500 or more. No attention paid to orders otherwise than as stated above.

All goods strictly Hand Made—long Havana and Domestic Fillers, carefully blended and the finest quality of Sumatra Wrappers.

Our Guarantee Flap with each box. Every box bears the Genuine Union Label.

Hoping to be favored with your valued order, we are,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN J. ROTH,

MANUFACTURER OF

HIGH-GRADE HAVANA.... CIGARS,

No. 750-752 Penn Street,

READING, PA.

The **ORIOR LID REST** used on all
our Boxes.

sociation for the mutual benefit of its members and the trade.

—Frank Byer, at 259 Fair St., Kingston, N. Y., has a youth in the window of his shop making the customary "Goo-Goo eyes" and automatically smoking a cigar; incidentally also attracting considerable increased trade.

—Krohn Bros., Cincinnati, O., are about operating a branch cigar store at Vine and 4th Sts., and they intend making it one of the city's finest.

—With a fine display and under a combination of nines, H. Hanmington, an experienced tobacconist of Boston, Mass., has opened out for trade at 999 Washington St.

—An upper Broadway shop in New York, which is alleged to be selling Mexican tobacco goods, gives one the Sarcophagus shakes at night. The lonely sign light is the only indication that life is not wholly extinct. That section of the town is one in which light is fashionable after dark, and the sombreness of the tomb banished as far as possible. It is a place where business is doing.

—S. Filadell, cigar dealer of Port Chester, N. Y., has removed his business from the old stand in the Palmer building to the store in the Daymon building.

—A large retail house has been opened at Portland, Mich., by Kenney Brothers.

—Jacob Erhart, an old retail cigarman of Utica, N. Y., is about retiring from the business in order to give his whole attention to wholesale trade.

—Pittsburg, Pa., has given up the idea of further enforcing the statutes prohibiting the sale of tobacco on Sunday. These obsolete relics of made-to-order piety are rapidly passing away.

—A. N. Gerry, a tobacconist of Denver, Col., has sold out to M. A. Dowling.

—J. Jones has somewhere on his premises at 98 Nassau St., New York, a well of resourcefulness which seems quite inexhaustible, in fact it will be a wonder if a riot does not occur one of these days through people crowding up to see what the latest novelty is in window display. He sells tobacco goods.



**The Improved
BOSTON
GARTER**

is an Essential of the
Well-Dressed Man.

**ALWAYS EASY
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED**

THE *Victrol Grip* CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—
never slips, tears nor unfastens.

THE NAME "BOSTON GARTER"
is stamped on every loop.

Sold Everywhere

Sample Pair, Silk 50c, Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO. Makers
Boston, Mass.

"It's all in the Lens"

Our Lenses are Famous.



**Use the
KORONA CAMERAS**

We invite the attention of photographers to these Cameras; to the unequalled character of the lenses used, to the nicety of manufacture, and to the moderate prices. In these particulars they are unique.

These Cameras are made in all sizes and styles, and all equipped with our famous lenses.

Send for a Catalogue.

Gundlach Optical Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

YOU CAN PLAY THE PIANO IN 5 MINUTES

By our New Method, as a technical knowledge of music is made unnecessary, enabling you to Play A Piano "By Sight" or "By Ear" without long and tedious study.

The Method consists of 72 Chords, being 24 Full Accompaniments,---one for Every Key, both Major and Minor ---fully Illustrated by Diagrams of Piano Keyboard, Notes, Letters, Etc. and readily understood.

This Simplified Method is now in its **THIRD EDITION**, and **not one** copy has ever been returned; because it is exactly as represented --- being simple, complete and instructive.

It will delight you, surprise and entertain your friends, and brighten many a dull hour.

FULL INSTRUCTIONS, DIAGRAMS, CHORDS, ETC., FOR PIANO AND ORGAN, By Prepaid Mail, 25c.

Success is assured in every particular, and you run no risk, as we Guarantee Satisfaction; or money is refunded without question.

The Booklet is neatly printed and bound, and will prove the Best little investment you ever made.

You've always wanted to Play your own Accompaniments---Now You May.

2c Stamps accepted. Order Today.

The Spencer Co.,
147 Nassau St.,
New York, U.S.A.

Wanted... A Hustler

We want a hustling representative for **THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE** in your city, and have a magnificent proposition for you that will increase your regular income largely.

It is easy work and profitable employment, and will take but little of your spare time. If you are in the trade it will prove an especially attractive side line for you; while if you cannot take it up, please show this to some bright young man and have him write us at once for particulars and liberal terms.

THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE,
Times Building,

Telephone: **NEW YORK.**
3707 Cortlandt.

CAPT. DELATUHR

Is a mixed Havana and Sumatra wrapper 5c. cigar at \$25 per M to the trade.

It is better than the high price 5c. cigars that you help to advertise.

Call and get a sample box of 50 cigars for \$1.25, and you will be convinced of their value and duplicate your order.

A. PLATEK & CO.,

Manufacturers of High Grade Cigars,

62 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK

IT SATISFIES SMOKERS.

EL UNITO, 5c. CIGAR.

Combination Filler—Sumatra Wrapper.

\$30 per fl. Everyone says it's worth more. Please write for samples to-day.

BENJ. DAVIDSON, *Manufacturer of Fine Cigars.*

1029 Myrtle Avenue, **BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

JOS. ABRAHAMS, LEAF TOBACCO

Wholesale and Retail.

202-204 Pearl Street, and 113 Maiden Lane,
NEW YORK.

TELEPHONE 3361A JOHN.

Short Smokes.

DOWN South some of the ready witted but impecunious coons with large growing families have discovered a new use for cigarettes. They give them to the younger children in cold weather to keep them from outgrowing clothes too rapidly. The habit also keeps the little chaps paler.

—On the borders of Italy and Switzerland is a large Seminary for the education and physical and moral development of young ladies of "good families." As is the custom of all seminary girls, the sweet young things of this school were in the habit of taking daily walks, presumably for the purpose of exercise, and the soulful contemplation of Nature. It was noticed by the customs inspectors that the young ladies almost invariably took the same walk, and that across the borders between the two countries. The inspectors smelt a seminary rat, and holding up a party of forty, demurely walking in couples, most ungallantly made an investigation, which showed that the innocent creatures were each smuggling cigars or cigarettes on her person to the extent she thought her immature charms and development would permit, the aggregate being in the thousands. Hysterics and "mean things" were in order, and the afternoon promenade has taken another direction.

—At the National Convention of the Y. P. C. U.—C. U. means Christian Union, while Y. P. always stands for "young people"—lately held at Winoona, Ind., hymn singing and cigarette smoking were barred. The reason given for excluding Moody and Sankey was the alleged foolishness of the words accompanying the music; but why should cigarettes be blamed for this? It is inferred that psalms and cigars are all right.

—Maltese workmen roll and cut cigars at the rate of three cents per hundred and a ban is virtually placed upon machinery. What a paradise for a lively band of strikers. Thirty cents a thousand; the ancient isle should move across the Atlantic.

THE JUSTLY FAMOUS
POCKET
PACKAGE

A FEW LEAVES
OF
TOBACCO
AND TEN
CLEAN FINGERS
MAKE THE
SANATEL STOGIE



BETTER
THAN
EVER

SANATEL TOBACCO CO. WHEELING, W. VA.
ALEX. BOLTON, Prop'r.

We Pay Freight
to any part of U. S. on
M. Barranco y Ca's
CELEBRATED
Key West Cigars
at these unheard of prices:

Puritanos	} \$60 per 1,000
Brevas	
Caballeros	
Regalia Chica	
Rothschilds	

Capitales, \$30 per 1,000.

Terms Strictly C. O. D.

Our "EQUITABLE"

is a finely made Cigar of Domestic Tobacco,
and at \$15.00 per thousand

IS A WINNER.

A. J. BENAIM & SON,

Established 36 years,

81 Bleecker St., New York, U. S. A.

**Your Show Window
NEEDS A SIGN?**

We make many styles of ENAMELED LETTERS
and fully illustrate them in our CATALOGUE.



PLAIN
BLOCK LIKE
THIS CUT.

2 inch.	4 cents
3 "	6 cents
4 "	8 cents
5 "	10 cents
6 "	12 cents

Each,
including
necessary
cement for
attaching to
glass.

Other Styles
in Stock.

Roman,
New Roman,
Round Block,
Full Block,
Ornamental,
Shaded (Blue
or Red)
Royal Blue,
Script, etc., at
Low Prices.

SPECIAL PRICES on ADVERTISING CONTRACTS
Also, ENAMELED STEEL SIGNS, HOUSE and
ROOM NUMBERS, NAME PLATES,
DOOR PLATES, ETC.

We will be pleased to correspond with you.

A. V. TAYLOR & CO.,

Manufacturing Enamelers. Cincinnati, Ohio.

PRICES OF HAVANA CIGARS.

These prices are subject to change without notice, and may vary according to the weight of the cigars, on which the high duty is based.

HAVANA CIGARS.

Cabanas y Carvajal.		La Diligencia.		Regalia Esp.	
Belmonts	1-10. \$190	Coquetas	1-20. \$94	Regalia Patti	1-20. \$136
Brevas	1-10. 139	Diligencias	1-40. 357	Regalia Perf.	1-40. 167
Bronchas Esp.	1-30. 98	Excelentes	1-40. 137	Reina Vic. Ex.	1-30. 185
Diplomaticos	1-40. 178	Excepcionales	1-40. 209	Reina Vic. Sup.	1-30. 191
Londres fino Esp.	1-10. 108	Magnificos	1-40. 189	Reina Maria Vic.	1-10. 104
Magnolias	1-20. 176	Petit Dudes	1-20. 93	Sports	1-40. 140
Panetelas	1-10. 107	Perfectos	1-20. 174	Varieties	1-20. 218
Perfectos	1-40. 193			Victoria	1-10. 140
Petit Bouquet.	1-40. 182				
Petit Ducs	1-20. 133				
Puritanos Finos.	1-30. 120				
Regalia Esp.	1-30. 169				
L'Alouette.		Eden.		High Life.	
Bouquet Esp.	1-40. \$190	Brevas	1-20. \$160	Admirales	1-40. \$225
Caprichos	1-20. 80	Caprichos	1-10. 75	Bouquet Esp.	1-40. 136
Creme de Creme	1-40. 230	Clavetes	1-40. 163	Londres Ex.	1-10. 127
Fancy Tales	1-40. 295	Concha Fina Esp.	1-20. 89	Perfectos	1-40. 218
Grand Perfectos	1-40. 335	Dainties	1-20. 129	Puritanos	1-40. 126
Panetelas Impls.	1-40. 135	Deliciosos	1-40. 164	Regalia Superba	1-20. 128
Petit Bouquets	1-40. 163	Deliciosos Ex.	1-40. 164		
Perfectos Eleg.	1-40. 207	Especiales	1-40. 85		
Puritanos Finos.	1-20. 130	Incomparables	1-40. 25		
Regalia Am.	1-20. 135	Invincibles	1-40. 250		
Regalia Fav.	1-20. 130	Magnolias	1-20. 99		
Regalia Esp. Ex.	1-20. 145	Perfectos	1-40. 188		
La Carolina.		Perlas	1-40. 182		
Concha Fin. Esp.	1-30. \$113	Puritanos Finos.	1-20. 130		
Elegantes	1-10. 133	Regalia Esp. Ex.	1-20. 148		
Favoritas Ex.	1-30. 102				
Invincibles	1-40. 248				
Perfectos	1-40. 195				
Puritanos Finos.	1-30. 125				
Regalia Perfectos	1-40. 140				
Reina Esp.	1-10. 94				
Sports	1-40. 111				
La Comercial.					
Ben Ali.	1-20. \$190				
Bouquets Sub.	1-40. 160				
Comerciales Ex.	1-40. 238				
Conchas Sublimas	1-20. 104				
Creme de Creme.	1-40. 275				
Diamantes	1-20. 137				
Fancy Tales	1-40. 375				
Gracioso	1-10. 132				
María Cristina	1-10. 120				
Perfectos Ex. fino	1-40. 197				
Perfectos Sublimas	1-40. 179				
Regalia Chiquita	1-20. 94				
Regalia Selectas	1-40. 138				
La Corona.					
Apollos	1-20. \$95				
Bouquets	1-40. 210				
Celestiales Astoria	1-40. 165				
Concha Fina Esp.	1-20. 125				
Conquerors	1-40. 308				
Coronas Perfectos	1-40. 365				
Emperadores	1-40. 660				
Fin de Siècle	1-40. 420				
High Life	1-20. 185				
Invincibles	1-40. 313				
Perfectos Ex.	1-40. 175				
Regalia Chiquita	1-20. 102				
Union Club	1-40. 290				
Flor Cubana.					
Bouquets Sub.	1-40. \$127				
Perfectos	1-40. 178				
Petit Bouquet.	1-40. 110				
Regalia Chica	1-20. 113				
Regalia Esp.	1-20. 150				
Reina Victoria	1-10. 140				
Flor de Cuba.					
Albas Finos	1-40. \$310				
Bouquets	1-40. 225				
Celestiales	1-40. 360				
Deliciosos	1-20. 190				
Exquisitos	1-20. 174				
Hortensias	1-40. 102				
Portenas	1-40. 155				
Panetelas	1-10. 130				
Petit Bouquet.	1-40. 190				
Perfectos Esp.	1-40. 308				
Perillas	1-10. 90				
Recuerdos Imp.	1-40. 400				
Regalia Perfecta	1-20. 155				
Regalia Chica Ex.	1-20. 147				
Regalia Selecta	1-20. 146				
Reina Vic Esp.	1-10. 210				
Royales	1-40. 175				
Sublimas	1-40. 270				
Flor de Benito Suarez.					
Panetelas	1-10. \$93				
Regalia Esp.	1-20. 150				
Violetas	1-10. 102				
La Imperial.					
Altazas Reales	1-40. \$1000				
Bouquet Sub.	1-40. 200				
Brevas	1-10. 150				
Cabinet Imp.	1-40. 250				
Concha Esp.	1-20. 109				
Heraldos del Rey	1-40. 340				
Invincibles	1-40. 275				
Perlas	1-40. 290				
Panetelas	1-10. 150				
Princesas	1-10. 105				
La Indiana.					
Agullas Imp.	1-40. \$375				
Cavalleres	1-20. 90				
Espirituales	1-30. 115				
Diamantes	1-40. 120				
Puritanos	1-20. 120				
Perfectos	1-40. 190				
India Cubana.					
Bouquets	1-40. \$130				
Operas	1-10. 65				
Petit Ducs	1-40. 75				
Por Larranaga.					
Bouquets	1-40. \$118				
Conchas Especial	1-30. 118				
Delites	1-30. 107				
Panetelas	1-10. 112				
Perfectos	1-40. 220				
Petit Bouquets	1-40. 188				
Pred de Dewey	1-40. 410				
Regalia Esp.	1-20. 149				
Lord Beaconsfield.					
Bachelors	1-20. \$120				
Bouquets	1-40. 145				
Camellias	1-30. 95				
Excelsior	1-20. 125				
La Rosa de Santiago.					
Brevas, a la Con's	1-10. \$160				
Bouquet, Extra.	1-40. 205				
Camellias	1-40. 206				
Celestials	1-40. 344				
Conchas First	1-20. 122				
Delicias	1-20. 114				
Deliciosos	1-10. 104				
Diplomaticos	1-20. 125				
Hermosos	1-20. 105				
Invincibles Ex.	1-40. 242				
Jockey Club	1-10. 100				
Magnolias	1-20. 125				
Media Reg Esp.	1-20. 147				
Perfectos	1-40. 230				

Villar y Villar.

Bouquets	1-40.	\$215
Deliciosos	1-20.	174
Ezepe Rothschilds	1-10.	286
Esquitos	1-20.	175
Inevitables	1-40.	294
Knickerbockers	1-10.	183
Panetelas	1-10.	128
Perfectos	1-40.	243
Petit Bouquets	1-40.	182
Princesses	1-10.	112
Reina Fina.	1-20.	193
Rothschilds	1-20.	303

The Waldorf.

Bouquets	1-40.	\$160
Casadores (foil)	1-40.	235
Concha Esp.	1-20.	105
Delicias	1-20.	100
Deliciosos	1-40.	150
Delmonicos	1-40.	166
Londres Imp.	1-10.	135
Lulu	1-20.	215
Perfectos	1-40.	197
Perf. (for fina)	1-40.	195
Perfecto Finos.	1-40.	200
Petit Bouquet	1-40.	140
Petit Duc.	1-20.	155
Panetelas	1-10.	100
Puritano Finos.	1-20.	120
Rothschilds	1-20.	165

Waldorf-Astoria.

Aristocracias	1-20.	\$160
Astoria Perf.	1-40.	244
Bouquets Imp.	1-40.	211
Deliciosos	1-40.	199
Greater New York	1-40.	276
Puritano	1-20.	120
Panetelas	1-10.	123
Petit Bouquet	1-40.	170
Perfectos	1-40.	213
Puritano Finos.	1-20.	130
Regalia del Prin.	1-10.	128
Royales	1-20.	193
Regalia Excel.	1-10.	160
Lilas (foil)	1-20.	124
Serpentines	1-20.	163

Washington.

Bouquets Finos.	1-40.	\$133
Edison's	1-40.	193
Inevitables	1-40.	195
Puritano Finos.	1-20.	113

KEY WEST AND TAMPA CIGARS.**Mi Favorita.**

Apollon	1-20.	\$71
Bouquets	1-40.	104
Brevas (paga 25)	1-10.	85
Camelias	1-20.	60
Concha Bouq. Ex.	1-20.	94
Concha Esp.	1-20.	75
Casinos	1-20.	90
Deliciosos	1-40.	110
Elegantes	1-20.	56
Inevitables	1-40.	143
Jockey Club	1-10.	71
Longfellow	1-10.	102
Londres Fina Esp.	1-10.	83
Liliputanos	1-20.	53
Magnolias	1-20.	116
Perfectos	1-40.	128
Perfectos finos.	1-40.	108
Petit Bouquets	1-40.	92
Petit Duc.	1-20.	82
Perle de P. & T.	1-40.	156
Puritano Finos.	1-20.	78
Regalia Esp.	1-20.	104
Rothschilds Ex.	1-20.	88
Varieties	1-20.	133
Washington	1-40.	213

La Elegancia.

A. M. & C. Cabinet	1-40.	\$178
Apollon	1-20.	70
Bouquet Fina	1-40.	106
Brevas Esp.	1-20.	88
Cabinet	1-20.	94
Camelias	1-20.	97
Caligatos	1-20.	39
Comme il Faut.	1-20.	79
Conchas Bouquet.	1-20.	64

Concha Ex.	1-20.	\$58
Conchas Selectas.	1-20.	64
Deliciosos	1-40.	106
Double Enders.	1-20.	78
Favoritas	1-20.	35
Inevitables	1-40.	143
Jockey Club.	1-10.	70
Knickerbockers	1-40.	78
Knickerbocker Ex.	1-40.	73
Londres Grande.	1-10.	81
Manhattan	1-40.	75
Media Regalia.	1-20.	68
Opera Reinas.	1-10.	35
Perfectos	1-40.	132
Perf. Ex. Finol.	1-40.	124
Perlas	1-20.	79
Petit Bouquets.	1-40.	74
Petit Duc.	1-20.	72
Ponies	1-40.	35
Puritano Ex.	1-20.	76
Regalia Esp.	1-20.	102
Regalia Ex.	1-20.	78
Rothschilds	1-20.	92
Savoy	1-20.	123
Selección Esp.	1-20.	77
Selecta Ex.	1-20.	83
Selectas	1-20.	74
Union League Esp.	1-20.	96
Victorias	1-40.	96

La Belle Rosa.

Camelias	1-20.	\$57
Concha Fina.	1-20.	60
Puritano	1-20.	76
Delicias	1-20.	85
Diplomaticos	1-20.	95
Perfecto Finos.	1-40.	120
After Dinners.	1-40.	125

Marshall.

Alvas	1-40.	\$200
Almuerzos (pla. 10)	1-20.	130
Concha Especiales	1-20.	85
Concha Fina Esp.	1-20.	80
Deliciosos	1-20.	100
Escepcionales	1-40.	150
Inevitables	1-40.	165
Jockey Club.	1-40.	103
Londres	1-10.	75
Londres Grand.	1-10.	80
Media Perfecto.	1-40.	95
Musketeer	1-20.	60
Old Timers (pla. 25)	1-20.	85

Panetelas (Bock)	1-10.	80
Panetelas (M. G.)	1-20.	78
Perfectos	1-40.	135
Perf. (Carolina)	1-40.	137
Perfectos (H. C.)	1-40.	135
Perfectos (M. G.)	1-40.	140
Petit Duc.	1-20.	78
Puritano Extra.	1-20.	78
Puritano Finos.	1-20.	85
Regalia Britanica	1-40.	150
Rothschilds	1-20.	85
Rothschilds Ex.	1-20.	92
Senoritas	1-20.	35

La Flor de Sanchez y Haya.

Aguilas	1-40.	\$250
Bouquets	1-40.	85
Bouquet Sub.	1-40.	90
Cabinets	1-40.	125
Conchas	1-20.	63
Conchas Fina.	1-20.	75
Conchas Sub.	1-20.	70
Coquettes	1-40.	65
Deliciosos	1-40.	200
Imperiales	1-40.	180
Inevitables	1-40.	180
Londres Cor.	1-10.	85
Londres Ex.	1-10.	75
Londres Fina.	1-20.	75
Non Plus Ultra.	1-20.	85
Panetelas	1-20.	80
Perfectos	1-40.	150
Perfectos Finos.	1-40.	140
Petit Duc.	1-40.	70
Presidenta	1-40.	210
Puritano Ex.	1-20.	82
Regalia Eleg.	1-20.	95
Rothschilds	1-20.	90
Trabacos	1-40.	715

Marcello.

Brevas	1-10.	\$95
Bouquets	1-40.	105
Casadores (foil)	1-40.	115
Conchas Esp.	1-20.	63
Deliciosos Fina.	1-40.	95
Escepcionales	1-40.	175
Entreactos	1-10.	75
Graciosos	1-20.	92
Imperiales	1-40.	160
Inevitables	1-40.	160
Knickerbockers	1-10.	90
Londres Grande.	1-10.	80
League Clubs	1-20.	80
Petit Duc.	1-20.	88
Panetelas	1-10.	78
Perfectos Royal.	1-40.	95
Perfectos Ex.	1-40.	110
Perfectos	1-40.	130
Puritano Finos.	1-20.	80
Regalia Chiquita.	1-20.	60
Rothschilds	1-20.	82
Rothschilds Ex. Fina.	1-20.	90
Regalia Ex.	1-20.	100

La Sinceridad.

Ambasadores	1-40.	\$115
Aristocratas	1-40.	105
Casadores	1-40.	100
Chums	1-20.	100
Criterion	1-20.	100
Deliciosos	1-20.	85
Diplomatico	1-20.	85
Emperors	1-40.	150
Fancy Tales	1-40.	175
Jockey Club.	1-20.	95
Knickerbocker	1-20.	70
Londres Grande.	1-10.	75
Londres Club.	1-20.	95
Majors	1-40.	125
Monograms	1-40.	115
Panetela Fina.	1-20.	80
Perfecto C.	1-40.	130
Perfectos Finos.	1-40.	100
Perfectos	1-40.	125
Perlas	1-40.	90
Puritano Finos.	1-20.	80
Regalia Noblesa.	1-20.	95
Town Topics	1-40.	75

Optimo.

Aromaticos	1-20.	\$90
Bachelors	1-20.	100
Caballeros (a bds)	1-10.	85
Conchas Ex.	1-20.	60
Delmonico	1-20.	80
Escepcionales	1-40.	165
High Life.	1-20.	70
Inevitables	1-40.	175
Londres Fina.	1-10.	70
Media Perfectos.	1-40.	90
Napoleons	1-40.	135
Perfectos	1-20.	72
Perfectos	1-40.	125
Prince of Wales.	1-20.	85
Regalia Esp.	1-20.	95
Reina Vic. Esp.	1-10.	95

La Petronilla.

Londres	1-10.	\$78
Madison	1-20.	80
Regalia Especial.	1-20.	95
Van Buren	1-40.	108
Washington	1-20.	98

Riqueza de Tampa.

Bouquet Fina.	1-40.	\$90
Brevas	1-10.	85
Conchas Esp.	1-20.	60
Deliciosos	1-20.	83
Elegantes	1-20.	68
Esquitos	1-40.	80
Inevitables	1-40.	158
Liliputanos	1-10.	38
Panetelas	1-10.	78
Panetelas Fina.	1-10.	63
Petit Duc.	1-20.	75
Puritano	1-20.	82
Puritano Finos.	1-20.	90
Perfectos	1-40.	90
Perfectos Sup.	1-40.	128
Regalia Esp.	1-20.	68
Smokers	1-10.	82
Violetas	1-10.	80

Solace Factory.

Bouquets	1-40.	\$75
Club Espl.	1-20.	75

Con. Esp.	1-20.	\$95
Coquettes	1-10.	60
Deliciosos	1-40.	88
Delmonicos	1-20.	85
Favoritas	1-20.	86
Full Dress.	1-20.	90
Knickerbockers	1-10.	80
Napoleons	1-40.	175
Perfectos	1-40.	130
Perfectos Esp.	1-40.	95
Petit Duc.	1-40.	75
Petit Perfectos.	1-40.	100
Puritano	1-20.	80
Puritano Finos.	1-20.	85
Reina Fina.	1-10.	70
Reina Vic. Ex.	1-20.	90
Rothschild	1-20.	85
Young Ladies.	1-20.	60

La Unita de Cuba.

After Dinner.	1-40.	\$150
Bouquets	1-40.	70
Cabinets	1-40.	172
Conchas	1-20.	63
Conchas Esp.	1-20.	65
Delmonicos	1-20.	80
Inevitables	1-40.	165
Londres	1-10.	80
Panetelas Fina.	1-20.	75
Perfectos	1-40.	135
Perlas	1-20.	60
Puritano	1-20.	78
Sublimes	1-20.	85

NEW YORK CIGARS.**La Fama Universal.**

Aristocratas	1-20.	\$95
Brevas	1-10.	85
Bouquet Ex.	1-40.	80
Conchas Ex.	1-20.	75
Cabinets	1-40.	105
Diplomatico Esp.	1-20.	100
Regalia Fina.	1-40.	110
Delmonico	1-20.	90
Gems	1-40.	70
Inevitable	1-40.	175
Jockey Club.	1-20.	110
Monople	1-40.	100
Majors	1-40.	150
Petit Perfecto	1-20.	105
Perfecto Finas.	1-40.	150
Puritano Esp.	1-20.	75
Panetelas	1-20.	75
Panetela Fina.	1-30.	80
Perlas	1-40.	110
Perfecto	1-40.	160
Perfecto Selecto	1-40.	110
Perfecto Esp.	1-40.	150
Royal Perfecto.	1-20.	100
Regalia Cabinet.	1-40.	120
Regalia Esp.	1-20.	100
Rothschild	1-20.	85
Reina Vic. Esp.	1-10.	100
Regalia Perfecto.	1-40.	120
Violetas	1-20.	60

Henry Irving.

Puritano Fino	1-20.	\$50
Regalia Concha	1-20.	70
Concha Fina Esp.	1-20.	60
Brevas	1-10.	85
Londres Extra	1-10.	70
Puritano Esp.	1-20.	70
Perfectos	1-40.	110
Victorias	1-20.	85
Panetelas	1-20.	70
Colonias	1-20.	90
Stubs	1-20.	90
Regalia American.	1-10.	70
Union Club	1-20.	90
Perfecto de C.	1-40.	100
Perfecto Extra	1-40.	85
Inevitables	1-40.	150
Dainties	1-20.	90
Jockey Club	1-20.	95
Panetelas Fina.	1-20.	75
Deliciosos	1-40.	100
Petit Duc	1-20.	85
Bouquet	1-40.	80
Rothschilds	1-20.	75
Edition De Luxe.	1-40.	275

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